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The Week

THOUGH President Hoover has furnished many instances of economic stupidity, it is difficult to believe that he is so badly informed that his veto of the Wagner bill for employment exchanges was really prompted by the reasons he assigned. He talks as if it were an emergency measure, whereas it is a proposal for setting up a permanent machinery of a sort which existed during the War in the United States, which is of long standing in most other industrial nations, which was proposed in the unemployment conference of 1922 under the chairmanship of Mr. Hoover himself, and which has been before Congress in substantially its present form for about three years. Mr. Hoover writes of "swapping horses while crossing the stream," as if the present Federal Employment Service were really carrying us across the stream. As a matter of fact, it has done substantially nothing since the War, and what it is doing would not be interrupted by the Wagner bill, which is for the purpose of extending and perfecting the activity. If President Hoover wanted improvements in the Wagner bill, he has had months in which to say so, before Congress adjourned. He has literally had years to propose a measure of his own, if he had any. It is difficult to explain the veto on any other ground than that he disliked to give a Democrat credit for the measure, or that he was subservient to the reactionary interests which do not want systematic organization of employment.

THE technical argument on which President Hoover's veto of the Muscle Shoals bill was based is that the project would lose money. This is difficult to believe, in view of the efforts which private interests have made to get hold of the plant, and to prevent the government from operating it. But if we are to take Mr. Hoover at his word, the details of the argument—so far as the rather cloudy language conveys any clear meaning—really support the position of the advocates of public operation. The prices which the generating plant could charge distributing companies and industries, based on what these purchasers of current now pay in the region, would be so low as to prevent a profit being made in generating. What Mr. Hoover does not say is that they are also very low in comparison to what the retail consumer pays. This is just what the opponents of the power companies have been arguing all along. The big profit lies in distribution. The spread is far too wide between costs of generation and the householder's rate. One principal purpose of governmental operation of Muscle Shoals is, by use of contracts with distributors, to limit the rates charged ultimate consumers, or to sell direct to local publicly owned distributing companies. If Muscle Shoals cannot be profitably operated as a generating station, how can any station make a profit? And if others cannot, why should any power company want to generate electrical energy—except for the profit which is made in retailing?

THE end of the Seventy-first Congress left a melancholy lot of wreckage behind it. Two of the worst items are Mr. Hoover's vetoes on Muscle Shoals and the Wagner bill for employment exchanges, discussed elsewhere in this issue. Speaker Longworth of the House is personally responsible for the defeat of the Norris lame-duck amendment.

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The proposals regarding railroad consolidation and control over railroad holding companies by the Interstate Commerce Commission died in the last-minute congestion. Senator Thomas of Oklahoma, in a spirit of pure sabotage, conducted a last-minute one-man filibuster and prevented action on the Vestal copyright measure, the maternity act and others. We do not know just how many mothers and children will die needlessly during the next ten months because Senator Thomas prevented reënactment of the old Sheppard-Towner law, but the number will certainly be large. We should not care to have the responsibility he has assumed.

WHEN we turn to the "constructive" side, the chief activity of this session aside from the unavoidable appropriations for relief has been the enactment of the soldiers' bonus law over Mr. Hoover's veto. Evidence is already accumulating that what was predicted is happening: a large part of the money now going into the soldiers' hands is being used for luxuries of a type which indicate that the recipients of the money are already in a prosperous condition. The veteran who is in real need is the one least likely to keep his papers in order, to make sure that his address is up to date in the government's files, to know where to go and what to do to get his money now. The theory that this advance from the treasury was intended as relief for the needy breaks down in the face of the facts. It was a general distribution to ex-soldiers which, if anything, was weighted in favor of the prosperous; and it was voted by members of Congress not because they believed in it, but because they were afraid to oppose it.

RAIN in Kentucky, drenching the corn and tobacco fields which had lain for twelve months baking in the sun. Rain, two good inches of it, in the cotton belt of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas. Rain mixed with sleet in the lower Ohio Valley, turning the dry stream beds into rivers. Snow in the Texas Panhandle; snow everywhere in the winter-wheat belt, covering the young grain with a blanket sometimes a foot in thickness. At last the long drought is definitely broken. The scientists in the Weather Bureau at Washington are relieved: many of them had feared that one dry year would be followed by another. They add, however, that in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys another twelve inches of rainfall will be required during the next two months in order to restore moisture to the parched subsoil and to give the spring crops a normal chance for success. A rainfall of twelve inches in sixty days is unusual, but it is not impossible. The farmers in the vast area afflicted by last year's drought are more cheerful than they have been for months. They still lack food; their resources have been depleted, their cattle slaughtered, their credit with bankers and storekeepers exhausted; the government has done little and no effective relief is in sight for them till their gardens begin to yield, late in the spring; but now at least they have hope.

A PROPOSAL of tremendous importance is made by President Hoover's Committee on the Conservation and Administration of the Public Domain. Their idea of how to administer and conserve is to give it away. They want to transfer to the states most of the public domain, nearly two hundred million acres of land, and the states would proceed to sell the greater part of it to private individuals, reserving only the subsoil mineral rights. Some months ago it was reported that if the public domain were transferred to the states the minerals would remain in the hands of the federal government; but the report, in ambiguous phrases, says that "if the accepted principles of conservation are safeguarded . . . certain mineral resources" are to be transferred as well. Here is indeed a breath-taking proposal. Everyone knows that there are certain Western states which have small patience with the principles of conservation as they were worked out by the elder Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot. Unfriendly critics have repeatedly said that President Hoover and Dr. Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, were too much imbued with these same Western ideas. Certainly the proposals now made are so important that Congress should not, and no doubt, will not, act upon them until after the fullest and most careful discussion.

CREDIT is largely due to Mr. Henry P. Kendall, textile manufacturer and management expert, for the movement now under way in the cotton-textile industry to abolish night work for women. He suggested the policy with a double-barreled object: to accomplish the reform itself and to restrict overproduction. Members of the Cotton Textile Institute decided to put the policy into effect when 75 percent of the companies had indicated their adherence to it. More than this proportion have now agreed, and the experiment will therefore be tried. It remains to be seen whether the competition of the mills which did not agree will destroy the policy. Though this is an advance, so far as it goes, it seems trifling in relation to social and industrial needs. What is to become of the women who are displaced? Will they be offered employment in the daytime? And if so, what about the curtailment of production? How can the industry offer high enough wages so that women who have family duties need not work in the mills, if they do not wish to do so? And if the welfare of the industry demands restriction of output and reduction of labor forces, what efforts are being made to find other means of livelihood for those who are not needed in cotton?

ACCORDING to the current issue of Variety, the theatrical journal whose writers invent their language as they go along, all managers of Fox theaters have been ordered to delete "propaganda,

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politics and controversial matter," from the newsreels shown in their theaters. This includes "references to prohibition, Bolshevist propaganda, political speeches or economic discussions." News pictures showing breadlines are also banned. The reason all these subjects have fallen under the displeasure of the Fox authorities is that they tend to depress the audience or make it think. Though we are not particularly interested in depressing a movie audience or inflicting on it the pangs of cerebration, we nevertheless believe that such an act of censorship is dangerous. The newsreels are an important vehicle for the dissemination of news, they perform a public function comparable to that of newspapers, and for the Fox authorities arbitrarily to suppress certain subjects is certainly an unjustifiable attack on the free dissemination of ideas.

THE recent action of the Post Office Department in banning four radical papers from the mails reminds us of a fact which we had almost forgotten—that though the Espionage Act of evil memory was "suspended" in 1921, one section of the Act was left in force. It is this section which the Post Office authorities invoked to suppress the four radical papers. Last June a bill was passed unanimously by the Senate repealing the Act in toto, but this bill never reached the House. In the mood of reaction and repression which the present administration seems to have adopted during the last few months, it is particularly important that all defenders of free speech and a free press should do their utmost toward the repeal of the Act. For as Senator Walsh of Montana, the author of the original Act, himself admits, "the statute has been so administered as to make it to all intents and purposes a censorship law."

A FEW weeks ago The New Republic in an editorial pointed out the dangers of an extensive commercial use of methanol alcohol. Methanol is a particularly deadly form of wood alcohol because it not only kills when it is imbibed, but the inhalation of its fumes or its absorption through the skin may produce death or blindness. Though all these facts are well known and have been substantiated by the researches of reputable scientists and doctors, the Bureau of Mines of the United States Department of Commerce recently submitted a report to the Senate which gives the poisonous alcohol practically a clean bill of health. It is interesting to learn that the entire expense of the investigation was paid for by three large and powerful companies interested in the production of methanol. Naturally, therefore, the report could hardly possess that objectivity and lack of prejudice which it should have had. However, the companies financing the report are not so culpable as the Department of Mines, which tolerated an investigation financed by individuals who had not the slightest interest in discovering the truth about methanol.

UNEMPLOYMENT relief" is coming to be a shibboleth like "reconstruction" after the War: everybody uses it to justify his own pet project. The latest application of it is one of the most amusing. The Merchants' Association of New York City has come out for revision of the law regarding elevators in skyscrapers. It wants faster elevators, something which may be desirable in itself; the present code was drawn up before recent inventions had greatly increased the possible safe speeds. The Association, however, wants the code changed in order to permit buildings very much higher than now exist, and it wants higher edifices, so it says, in order to put more people at work building them! The Merchants' Association seems never to have heard of the ruinous congestion in New York, caused chiefly by skyscrapers, which is costing the city at least a million dollars a day. It ignores both this congestion and the puzzling question: why are more men employed in erecting one building eighty stories high than two of forty stories each?

Program Making vs. Power Politics

IN THIS issue of The New Republic, John Dewey begins his discussion of the need for a new party. While the article is being printed, the progressives of both parties are meeting in conference with experts and others interested in social-economic questions, to draw up a program for legislation. Those who have called the conference have taken great pains to make it clear that its purpose is not to lay the basis for a new party. It is to draw up proposals which may be supported by members of both old parties and members of neither, in Congress and outside it. There appears to be a conflict between the point of view of Professor Dewey and that of the Washington progressives. One thinks the fundamental necessity is to organize progressive power in politics, the others hold the first task is to formulate a program.

The conflict, we believe, is a superficial one which, if the progressive movement is to make headway, must disappear in the course of time. It is one of tactics rather than of strategy. Dr. Dewey would be the last to assert that the organization of power would be of any benefit without a program, while many of those who are conferring in Washington are doubtless convinced that, whatever may be the fate of specific reforms, an entire and radically new program cannot get very far without the support of a new political organization. Nevertheless, the issue is an important one for the time being. Granting that both are essential, which task should be tackled first—to organize the power of those who are dissatisfied with existing government, or to set up a program and promulgate a point of view about which the dissatisfied may rally?

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The history of political dissent in the United States is strewn with the wrecks of new parties. Each has had its value; most of those which died bequeathed ideas and measures to one of the two older institutions; the discontent which they embodied had its effect on legislation which was subsequently passed. But nobody really wants to organize a party which will not only be born as a third party but will live and die as one. The American political system is not congenial to the continued existence of three parties—if for no other reason, because the importance of the chief executive is such that an organization which never is to have a real opportunity to name him cannot accomplish much or retain widespread popular support. The sort of new party which is really needed is one which will supplant one of the old ones. It must come into prominence at a time when one of the two traditional organizations is moribund with dissension and is generally seen to be incompetent. Such a third party was the Republican, which became the first party through the death of the Whigs.

To organize political power is, of course, in one aspect a hard-boiled job which cannot be accomplished without coming into close touch with the practical working of political machinery. A party is a business institution, with its district, state and national organizations, its canvassers, its publicity, its intricate array of personal contacts. It must hold its lines between elections as well as during them. For this it needs money, effort and skill. This is the reason why a lasting and successful party cannot be formed merely out of general idealism and the widespread desire of more intelligent voters. It is the reason why parties which are going concerns must have behind them economic interests which put up the necessary money to pay those professional politicians who are not in public office. It is the reason why party politics is so much concerned with appointments and patronage, why it does favors for organizations and individuals who either contribute to campaign funds themselves or influence the contributions and votes of numerous followers.

The existing parties are in large part cynical institutions which adapt their programs to the necessity of doing a profitable political business. Denunciation alone will not make possible successful competition with them. To set up a new party to compete on the same terms would be a fruitless undertaking. But to set up a new one without the practical organization of power would be nothing more than an amateurish gesture.

There is only one way out of this dilemma—to find some acceptable substitute for the type of sordid interest which keeps the existing parties alive. The job of organization might be done just as effectively and more cheaply if the party workers had the necessary devotion as a substitute for pay—and a type of devotion which was not spent in a single burst of enthusiasm during one election. If enough voters were ready for the party's message, it would not be necessary to bribe and influence so many who now control votes. The minimum of funds which would be essential in any case might be provided if there were popular organizations which cared deeply enough about the success of the party to keep it alive. Such support was, for instance, supplied to the British Labor party by the trade unions.

These considerations show that it is fruitless for the progressives to attempt the organization of a new party without first having a program. This program must, moreover, be something that is recognized as an overpowering necessity to meet a crisis in the national life, a crisis which the existing parties are disastrously fumbling. A crisis of this sort arose in the course of the slavery issue, which had been fumbled and dodged for a long series of years before it became so acute that it caused a rearrangement of political forces. Is such a crisis approaching in our economic life; is there a dominant issue; and are the progressive forces prepared to meet it? Not until they clear their own minds, not until they formulate their program, and not until there is some indication of the popular response, can these questions be answered.

There are sound tactical reasons why the five progressive Senators who called the present Washington Conference should have taken such pains to disclaim the intention of starting a new party at present. The voters, by and large, are not only distrustful of the existing parties; they are disgusted with the whole machinery of party politics. They know how sordid and shallow it is. They are rapidly losing faith that any politician, no matter how wise or well intentioned he may individually be, can accomplish much that is worth while. They would not be supremely interested in an effort of any group of politicians merely to organize power. If the only possibility is to vote one crowd out and another in, why do we need a new party at all? Why not alternate Republicans and Democrats, changing one for the other just frequently enough to discipline a too arrogant group? So the man in the street will reason. He must be provided with confidence that politicians really want to do something that counts, that they are more interested in results than in place holding, before he will be ready to respond to the only kind of appeal on which effective party power can be based, if the new party is to be any better than the old ones.

Furthermore, we must not dodge the possibility that the skepticism of the average citizen about politics is correct in a deeper sense than is usually understood. It may be not merely that the two old parties are failing in the face of the economic crisis, but that our whole political and constitutional system, devised during the infancy of the machine age, is foundering when the need is for real industrial government. Of course, we must make the best use of the existing government that we can, in default of a new and better one. But

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as yet the sentiment for a new party, however strong and significant it is, consists of little more than an undefined recognition that great changes are essential. The first task is to define the recognition, to specify the changes, to give direction to the sentiment of dissatisfaction.

New Hope for India

THE PROVISIONAL settlement between Mr. Gandhi and the Viceroy is not so important as dispatches from London would have us believe. Partly for diplomatic reasons, but mainly, no doubt, as an example of wishful thinking, the British represent the case as being closer to complete agreement than it is in fact. Yet undoubtedly a tremendous forward step has been taken, and there is today more hope of a peaceful, satisfactory settlement than has ever before existed.

What the tentative agreement means is that the late London conference is to be held all over again, with the Indian Nationalists participating, as of a date before the civil-disobedience movement began, and with the British making much wider concessions than they have ever offered before. The avowed aim of the new conference is not self-rule but "constitutional government," on a federated basis. Reservations, or "safeguards in the interest of India," (the British are masters in the use of language!) are made in advance regarding defense, external affairs, minorities, financial credit and the discharge of obligations—a familiar and not necessarily disheartening list.

The civil-disobedience campaign comes to an end; the boycott is suspended, though the efforts to encourage Indian goods for Indians will still go on. In return, the political prisoners are being freed and pending prosecutions will be dropped. Fines not yet paid are forgiven (which seems unfair to those conscientious individuals who settled up promptly). The salt tax is to be continued, but those villages adjoining areas where salt can be made are permitted to do so, for their own use. Mr. Gandhi lays aside for the present, but does not abandon, his demand for an investigation of torture by the police. Not the least important aspect of this agreement is recognition by the British that the "little, bespectacled, half-naked man" is still the most important person in India. At one stroke we sweep aside all the millions of words which have been poured out to prove that he was negligible, with only a tiny handful of followers behind him.

Everything now depends upon two unpredictables: the action of the new conference, and whether or not its results will be accepted by the rank and file of the Indians. Already the extremists, and their sympathizers in the United States, are saying that Mr. Gandhi has betrayed his own principles and gone over to the side of the British. We cannot see how any such statement is justified: Mr. Gandhi is offered a chance to get three-quarters of a loaf now, with an excellent chance of obtaining the other quarter in the not distant future. He prefers to take this chance instead of standing on a platform of "no bread." It was a decision which, in the nature of things, he could hardly avoid making. If he succeeds, he will be hailed as a great man by everyone—including those who are now damning him. If he fails, overnight he can resume the civil-disobedience campaign, the boycott, the refusal to pay taxes, and all the rest of it.

Taking the Barroom Home

AMOS W. W. WOODCOCK, federal prohibition commissioner, has lately offered his own answer to the problem which Mr. Wickersham and his ten associates went to such lengths not to solve. He suggests that prohibition should begin in the morning and end in the evening at the door of the home. Outside, the speakeasy would be abolished —by law, presumably—and bootleggers would be rigorously suppressed. Inside, a sort of family option would prevail: if the family voted Wet, there would be the fragrance of grapes in casks, the sour tang of fermenting rye, the bubbling of malt in butter tubs. An American's home would cease to be a more or less crowded dormitory, a place to hang his hat. It would become his barroom, his night club, his castle and oasis.

Family life would once more possess an integrative principle, something it seems to have lost during the rise of American industry. Young men would cease to shirk the responsibilities of wedlock: they would be driven by thirst into connubial love. Young women would no longer fear the drudgery of marriage: they could look forward to a career which opened to them the noblest triumphs of the vintner's art. Nor would these be the only effects to flow from Mr. Woodcock's suggestion—granting that the outside traffic in liquor could be wholly suppressed, and granting that people would be willing to forego the dangerous joys of recooked alky and bathtub gin with a Gordon label.

Certain types of agriculture and industry would be vastly stimulated. The grape growers of California would reach new heights of prosperity; so too would the cider mills of old New England. Barley would spread its long spikes over the Dakota prairies. There would be a flourishing trade in dried cherries from Dalmatia, in charred oak kegs from Arkansas, in flavoring essences from France. Our present surplus of copper might be diverted to the manufacture of ten-gallon stills. On the other hand, the restaurant business would suffer. Dance halls would lose half their patrons, and even hotels might be affected. It is quite conceivable that many traveling salesmen would become so enamored of home life that instead of hiring a room for the night they would establish a new family in every town where they had business.

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In politics, the effect would be to foster a happy conservatism. People who have dined comfortably in their own homes and have washed their dinners down with a quart of wine from their own cellars are not inclined to foster radical measures. They are content to stagger off to the polls on election day and vote for existing institutions—including prohibition and the Republican party. Thus, Mr. Woodcock, in putting forward his suggestion, is supporting the best interests of the social order to which he belongs. Yet he is also exposing the country to a grave danger. By fostering the domestic manufacture and consumption of happy juice and by endeavoring to stamp out the speakeasy, he is threatening to create a new army of the unemployed.

These new paupers would be certainly no such dispirited creatures as wander up and down the Bowery, approaching strangers for a cup of coffee, Mister. They would be silent, lean, dangerous men—rum runners, hijackers, bouncers now bounced from bankrupt night clubs, former executioners for the Chicago gangs. Isn't it possible that all these men might unite for the defense of their economic interests? Isn't it conceivable that they might march to Washington, overthrow the government which had deprived them of a livelihood, and set up a dictatorship under Al Capone or Boo-Boo Hoff? In that case, we suspect that the first law they passed would be to abolish drinking in the home.

The Herald Tribune Saves Souls

THE D. A. R. and the American Legion should take notice of the subversive opinions of The New York Herald Tribune. Evidently it is harboring a Communist on its staff of editorial writers. Discussing unemployment insurance, it virtually supports the principle that he who does not work shall not eat. The important consideration, it argues, is to save the idle man "from the loss of his industrial initiative."

> The mere supply of money, from whatever source and under whatever guise, cannot fill the bill. Whether it comes from the state or from the employer, or from a fund to which both have contributed together with the worker himself, and whether it is called insurance or charity or a dole, its effect is bound to be demoralizing. It provides security without labor, supports the notion, to which human nature is prone, that society owes the individual a living, and hence discourages change of occupation, migration to new areas or any effort beyond the minimum to pull an oar in the industrial boat.

Those who live from the proceeds of accumulated funds—even from funds which they themselves have accumulated—are demoralized. They have "security without labor." They do not "pull an oar in the industrial boat." The Herald Tribune evidently favors the abolition of interest and dividends—except when paid to active management. It certainly must oppose the current practice of paying dividends and interest on idle capital during depressions. It must logically oppose savings banks and life insurance. It evidently believes in a confiscatory inheritance tax. Nobody should receive money which he does not currently earn, no matter how great his need for it may be. For, as the Herald Tribune quotes from the New Testament, "what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Holding these views, the editorial writer is naturally interested in finding a job for everybody. "The only sound remedy for unemployment," he quotes with approval from Dean Donham of the Harvard Business School, "is work." How true, how profound, how enlightening! The space of this 40-page daily newspaper is too restricted to tell us how work is to be found, though it does vouchsafe us the hint that Dean Donham's proposal "provides in the main for an elastic expansion and contraction of public works." This, it assumes, is a "cure," and, in spite of obstacles in the way of putting it into effect, "is based on sound principle and common sense." We wish the paper would go on to tell us whether the Republican administrations which it has ostensibly supported for the past ten years have put this long advocated cure into practice. If they have not, why not? And if they have, whence come the millions of unemployed?

Of course, The Herald Tribune is not really concerned with throwing the weight of its influence behind the stabilization expedient. Cynics would say that it is concerned with saving its wealthy readers from the higher taxes which any form of adequate action against unemployment would involve. But, if we are not to question its good faith, we must conclude that it is really concerned with saving people's souls by preventing them from being demoralized by receipt of money for which they do not labor. And if it is to do that, for the idle rich as well as for the idle poor, it must really favor a very Red program indeed.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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The Need for a New Party

I: The Present Crisis

AT THE present time it seems almost silly to advance an argument for the formation of a new party. In a general way the need for one speaks for itself, and clamorously. Of the first ten persons you meet who have no definite connection with one of the old parties, either officially or through some form of self-interest, at least seven or eight will not question the fact that a new party is needed. What they will question is the practicability of trying to form one. For the old parties are so firmly entrenched throughout the nation, and the organizations are so closely bound to the business system, that unorganized individuals feel themselves helpless. Nevertheless, a statement of the nature of the need and an account of why it is so generally felt are necessary preliminaries to any discussion of how a new party may grow up and what its program will be. For it is the pressure of necessity which creates and directs all political changes.

There has long been an indifference to political parties. Masses of voters have been more than apathetic; they have been jaded. They have lost all confidence that politics can accomplish anything significant. They have even accepted the cynical belief that the parties are dominated by big business. But the present revulsion against parties has two striking characteristics which make it unique. Every depression has produced a certain amount of revulsion, but usually it has assumed the form of a repudiation of the party in power and a general support of the other. In the next campaign this sentiment may be sufficiently strong to elect a Democratic President, but the sentiment will not be accompanied by any hope or expectation. On the contrary, it is generally believed that organized finance and industry have already taken this possibility into account and are casting about for a candidate who will be "reasonable"—a practical synonym for subservient.

The second difference is even more important. In the past, the dissatisfied masses have been stirred by one particular measure. Cheap money, free silver, trust-busting, have been proposed and accepted as panaceas. There is no cure-all in sight now, and people show no disposition to seek for one. The industrial crisis is so severe that even dull eyes can see the foolishness of adopting any measure which leaves the underlying structure just as it was. To offer a panacea now would be to open oneself to ridicule. Dissatisfaction thus proves to be much deeper than it ever was during former depressions. In fact it amounts to unrest. And though it may assume the form of resentment rather than of thought, the tendency among most people is to think much more deeply than before and to go farther into action.

There is a deep-seated reason why the common man is convinced that neither the Democratic nor the Republican party represents him or his interests. The Republican party has played the role of Providence. It has told the people that its leaders in alliance with big business are the guardians of that general prosperity which is attained under the direction of organized capital. It has declared that when big capitalists were made prosperous, a general state of welfare would seep down and be enjoyed by the masses. It was not for the masses to do anything; they had only to wait, hold out their hands and receive what the gods above would give them. The masses did not exactly believe this gospel, but they saw nothing that they could do—and so they waited. The conviction that prosperity begins above and then descends below has been the underlying doctrine of every Republican policy since the War. It is typified in every utterance and every act of that representative of the Messiahship of big business—Secretary Mellon.

President Hoover is a willing and to all appearances a sincere believer in the gospel. There were those who thought the "engineering mind" would effect some healthful regeneration. They forgot that the engineer at present looks two ways. On the one hand, he looks to the efficient use of materials and processes: he is the servant of technological progress. But on the other hand, he is the servant of capital employed for private profit. He is used to thinking in the same terms and speaking the same language as his masters. And when his engineering ability has been employed, not in actual engineering enterprises, but in some eminently profitable undertaking, he is completely identified with the gospel current among men of large business and wealth, who have to rationalize their behavior by making themselves believe that it is in the interest of general welfare. However, this gospel begins to be questioned when the income of the majority of the people falls below a decent subsistence level, as it has during the present depression. Providence can maintain itself securely only when it provides. A self-professed Providence which not only does not provide, but shakes the very structure of economic society and endangers the elementary securities of life, is a self-confessed fraud.

Unfortunately for the permanent prospects of the Democratic party, its leaders prematurely accepted the gospel truth of the doctrine that pros-

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perity descends from above. For the Democrats during the process of assuring the people that they would be just as "safe" as the Republicans, and in assuring big business—and asking for campaign contributions on that basis—that they would be as good and obedient boys as the Republican leaders, not only habituated themselves to the Republican mode of thought, but committed themselves to the policy of alliance with big business. Many independents who voted for Smith in the last presidential campaign did so under mental protest. They disliked the leadership of Raskob and the campaign of "hush-hush" on the economic issues which he fostered. Their fears of what would happen under this overt committal, which was the culmination of the covert committals practised for some time, were borne out by the feeble action of the Democratic party in the new tariff legislation, and in the subservience of the leaders to the demands of finance in connection with drought relief and unemployment. The generally acknowledged absence of genuine leadership in the Democratic party is a necessary by-product. No carbon copy of an original can pretend to leadership or force.

There is no hope that either of the old main parties is going to change. The reason lies even deeper than the self-interest which binds leaders and office holders so closely to "business" that they can be freed only by acts of treachery. Their mental habits are formed in the pattern of this alliance. Conservatism tends to come with age, and the two parties are old. It comes the more surely and exercises its reactionary effect the more disastrously when professed leaders have based the very structure of their beliefs on the doctrine of popular salvation by means of dependence on property interests. Whatever may be the convictions of individuals within the parties, the parties themselves are property-minded. In the clash between property interests and human interests, all their habits of thought and action fatally impel them to side with the former. They make concessions, but do not change the direction of their belief or behavior.

I do not mean that the whole alliance of the parties with organized business is consciously sinister and corrupt, though it is easily demonstrable that this is somewhat true. I mean rather that both old parties represent that stage of American life when the American people as a whole felt that society was to advance by means of industrial inventions and their application; by the development of manufacturing, of railways and commerce. It was that stage of American life when all but a few took for granted the natural control of industry and trade by the profit motive and the necessity of accumulating money capital.

This idea may once have played a part in the development of the country. It has now ceased to be anything but an obstruction. But the two old parties are so wedded to this belief, both by mental habit and by external alliance with organized industry and finance, that there is no hope of their ever cutting loose. They mouth the watchwords of bygone generations, they appeal to Jefferson and Lincoln, because they are themselves anachronisms. Quite apart from a deliberate and sinister connection with malefactors of great wealth, the parties are out of touch with present needs and realities. They perpetuate and cling to ideas and ideals of a past that has forever departed. The realization of this fact is the cause of the present fundamental discontent with both old parties. These are so out of vital contact with the times, that the people are out of touch with them.

I should like to make the point definite. The needs and the troubles of the people are connected with problems of consumption, with problems of the maintenance of a reasonably decent and secure standard of living. Our political life, proceeding under whichever of the old parties happens to be in power, deals with production. The tariffs have not only established certain producing interests as economic power, but they are based upon a consistent disregard of the consumer. Special privilege entrenches itself at the cost of consumption. Transportation and the mechanism of distribution are connected with production and they have been constantly fostered with no regard for the consumer or his standard of living. Our land system, our mines, our forests and now our water power have, when politics has touched them, fallen under control of ownership by the "producer." Our taxation system is controlled by the same interest. Mr. Mellon's solicitude for the incomes of those in the higher brackets was openly an anxiety concerning the forces of production.

The statement that our politics has been controlled for production purposes at the cost of consumption cannot be overemphasized, nor can it be too sweeping. Let anyone consider the history of politics for the last fifty years and he will find no policy which does not come under this generalization. Exceptions are mere passing episodes. The latest proof of it is the controversy regarding relief for those suffering from drought and unemployment. There is no great difficulty in getting help from Congress to promote processes of production, such as loans for tools and seed, for animals and other productive instrumentalities. But there is the greatest difficulty in getting help for living beings to maintain themselves even at the lowest standard of living. The veterans get attention on the express ground that their relief will stimulate buying and thus help business. Even with a powerful organization behind them they might have pled in vain if the plea were decided wholly on the human grounds of subsistence. Complete failure to provide legislation to stabilize employment is glaring evidence of the general subordination of consumption to immediate production.

The problems and needs of life for the masses have to do with consumption. Even business men

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have learned that overproduction and cycles of depression are closely connected with underconsumption, and hence those whose consuming power is unimpaired are taking an unprecedented interest in consumption. The middle class finds its income from investments sharply impaired because of the prevailing lack of effective capacity in consumption. And the unemployed—the five to nine millions who face starvation, or live on charity, and who are losing courage, hope and self-respect—do not need to have the problem of consumption brought to their attention.

Here again we have the reason why the present political unrest is so unlike any in the previous history of our country. The needs, experienced where men live, concern the standards of living for themselves and their families. They find themselves in a political situation where no provision is made for this necessity, where interest is centered almost wholly upon stimulating production and distribution without any reference to the way they impinge upon consumption. I do not say the contradiction has been thought out or formulated. But it is *felt*, and political discontent and immense resentment is the consequence. Here is the need for something radically new in our political life which only a new party can promulgate and execute.

It demands a new party to meet a new social situation. I shall not repeat what I have said about the old parties. But this fact explains why fundamental needs cannot be met by the insurgents in the old parties or by a coalition of those elements. They can serve a useful purpose in obstructing the worst measure of predatory greed; they are useful brakes. But it is utopian to expect that they can recreate the parties under whose standards they eke out their precarious existence; for these parties are too committed and too habituated to purposes and policies diametrically at war with their intentions. The dough is too extensive and too sodden for the leaven to take effect. They might form, conceivably, the nucleus of a new party. But their own ideas will remain truncated and half-formed until they break loose and associate themselves openly with new interests, needs and companions. A Lucas, representing a Hoover, will always get the better of a Norris within the party, no matter how personally independent the latter may be; and a Raskob will dominate a Wheeler or a Walsh.

JOHN DEWEY.

FOUR SONNETS

My worship from this hour the Sparrow-Drawn
Alone will cherish, and her arrowy child,
Whose groves alone in the inquiring dawn
Rise tranquil, and their altars undefiled.
Seaward and shoreward smokes a plundered land
To guard whose portals was my dear employ;
Razed are its temples now; inviolate stand
Only the slopes of Venus and her boy.
How have I stripped me of immortal aid
Save theirs alone—who could endure to see
Forsworn Aeneas with conspiring blade
Sever the ship from shore—alas for me—
And make no sign; who saw, and did not speak,
The brooch of Troilus pinned upon the Greek.

Sweet love, sweet thorn, when lightly to my heart
I took your thrust, whereby I since am slain,
And lie disheveled in the grass apart,
A sodden thing bedrenched by tears and rain,
While rainy evening drips to misty night,
And misty night to cloudy morning clears,
And clouds disperse across the gathering light,
And birds grow noisy, and the sun appears—
Had I bethought me then, sweet love, sweet thorn,
How sharp an anguish even at the best—
When all's requited and the future sworn—
The happy hour can leave within the breast,
I had not so come running at the call
Of one who loves me little, if at all.

Shall I be prisoner till my pulses stop
To hateful Love and drag his noisy chain,
And bait my need with sugared crusts that drop
From jeweled fingers neither kind nor clean?—
Mewed in an airless cavern where a toad
Would grieve to snap his gnat and lay him down,
While in the light along the rattling road
Men shout and chaff and drive their wares to town? . . .
Perfidious Prince, that keep me here confined,
Doubt not I know the letters of my doom:
How many a man has left his blood behind
To buy his exit from this mournful room
These evil stains record, these walls that rise
Carved with his torment, steamy with his sighs.

Now by this moon, before this moon shall wane
I shall be dead or I shall be with you!
No moral concept can outweigh the pain
Past rack and wheel this absence puts me through;
Faith, honor, pride, endurance, what the tongues
Of tedious men will say, or what the law—
For which of these do I fill up my lungs
With brine and fire at every breath I draw?
Time, and to spare, for patience by and by,
Time to be cold and time to sleep alone;
Let me no more until the hour I die
Defraud my innocent senses of their own.
Before this moon shall darken, say of me:
She's in her grave, or where she wants to be.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

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"No Help Wanted"

NOBODY'S buyin' autos any more."

This was the remark which greeted us as we joined the 200 men huddled together across the road from the Ford Rouge employment office. We were all former Ford workers—some of us had been laid off in October, 1929; some last summer, and some of us after New Year's when the newspapers were shrieking "Ford Hiring 75,000!" Many of the men had their badges, having never been officially "laid off." They were there with the rest of us, shivering in the cold, hoping against hope that Ford would start hiring. Directly in front of the employment office, under police guard, were a score of workers who had received letters from the company asking them to return.

"It ain't no use," a millwright was saying, "I went in to get a pass from my boss an' he said, 'Good God, man, we're layin' off.' "

"Yeah, that's true," added a toolmaker in a hopeless voice. "My cousin says there ain't 25,000 workers left in the whole plant."

"That means about a hundred thousand laid off," murmured another.

More and more men arrived on the line. Many of them displayed their badges, shining in the cold sunlight.

"Ah don' know what ah'm goin' t' do," spoke up a carpenter. "They done lay me off a year ago Octobah an' ah ain't worked since."

"They'll have to do something pretty damn quick," said a crankshaft worker sullenly.

A youth among us began distributing leaflets, "Fight Hunger and Mass Starvation! Demonstrate for Unemployment Insurance!" He distributed scores before the policeman dashed across the street to arrest him. He took the youth to his car while the men gathered around it, jeering. The cop called headquarters. They refused to send a wagon. Crestfallen and angry the cop freed the young "Red." The crowd howled with ironic laughter.

Two and a half miles to Fisher Body. Two hours at Ford Rouge had frozen us out—we were not clad for that biting wind which numbed our feet and chilled our bodies. The Fleetwood plant of Fisher—the biggest body plant in the world—the employment office packed.

"Ever work for Fisher?" a watchman demanded.

"No."

"Then get out!"

Out in the cold again. The wind blew up from the river in icy gusts, chilling us to the marrow through our worn suits and cotton workshirts. Even those of us with overcoats were cold.

"Gawd, my feet's sore," said one. His shoes, of different makes, were cracked and cut; the soles were parting from the uppers.

Not knowing what to do next we stood talking. When would things pick up?

"Maybe in a coupla years," suggested a young machinist.

"Never," ejaculated an old die-maker. "Too many machines. They kin put out all the autos they need with the men they got."

"Things can't pick up till we get back to work," said a tinsmith. "How'd they expect us to buy autos when we can't buy food?"

"Yeah, an' it'll take us another ten years to pay our debts when we do go back to work," said a Chrysler worker with an air of finality.

On the tramp again, our heads bent in the wind, hands stuck deep in pockets, our feet sore and tired.

"I'm glad I ain't married," someone said.

Two miles. The Ternstedt plant. A dozen men were in the employment office. "Somethin's got to be done damn quick," one of them was saying. Fifteen minutes passed . . . a half-hour . . . inside, the clerk, a sleek little fellow, sat reading and laughing. We talked.

"Six months I been out. . . . I hocked my coat an' got two bucks an' a half. . . . The papers lie. . . . Ford didn't hire nobody. . . . They want fellows here to cut wages. . . . Dis plant's firin' de men and hirin' gals. . . . Murray Body pays fifteen cents an hour. . . . Coupla thousand at Plymouth plant this mornin'. . . . The boss don't care for the interest o' the workers. . . . "

One o'clock. The clerk opened the window. "No, nothing today."

When we went home the papers screamed, "Chevrolet Adds Men—Dodge Plant Hires."

Before it was daylight we were on the way to Chevrolet. The darkness seemed to intensify the coldness. In front of the L. A. Young plant a dozen boys were huddled together, the oldest about eighteen. Pale and cold, yet sleepy, they cowered in the wind. Some of them did not have overcoats. They stared at us as we hurried on.

The police were already on the job, waving us away from the Chevrolet employment office. "Nothin' doin'. Nothin' doin'."

On the sidewalk a man was saying, "Yeah, I worked here for five weeks makin' dies for the show models. Seven days a week, fourteen hours a day. An' d' ye know what they did? Fired us regular men at a dollar an hour an' hired men from the Mayor's Unemployment Committee at sixty

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cents. They put some of us on production at forty-three cents. They fired the rest."

Scores of former Chevrolet workers were here—but they were not being hired.

Now we were tramping through falling snow, a cold and hungry line. After a half hour we reached the Hamtramck plant of Briggs Body. It was boarded up.

"They've closed up the slave shop," a fellow in front shouted. We grinned.

Down on one side of the street we marched, toward the Dodge plant. On the other, a steady line of men and women tramped away from it. My partner told me how he had to pawn his micrometers, costing $16, for $2.50. He had been forced to live with his brother, who had five children and who had himself been laid off just two weeks previously. "We gotta do somethin'," he growled.

Dodge employment office. A big well fed man in a heavy overcoat stood at the door saying "No, no," as we passed before him.

Women everywhere on the road to Murray Body. Native born and foreign born, young women and old women, women with whole fingers and women with hands mangled in the presses—a continuous stream of them passing and repassing, looking for jobs.

"It's come so that the women an' kids have to work now," said a Hudson worker bitterly.

Murray Body wasn't hiring. It was laying off its own workers, to whom it pays fifteen cents an hour.

On the tramp again. A young worker, married and father of two children, burst out, "A worker's got no right to have kids any more." At this moment a man darted past us, leaving us each with a leaflet, "Fight Hunger and Mass Starvation! Demonstrate for Unemployment Insurance!"

ROBERT L. CRUDEN.

Notes on Modern Architecture

> Until the public shall reform, until the press shall begin to call owners and architects to account for vulgar, stupid and ridiculous work, there is no hope for American architecture. At present it represents the mere brute force of money more than anything else. It shows also restlessness, vagueness of purpose, stutterings of foreign styles. No wonder many people prefer the barren monotony of blocks of brick and mortar to the ineffectual efforts of our unhappy architects.
>
> *Anonymous writer in The Critic, 1882.*

THE DAILY NEWS BUILDING

IN MANY ways, this is one of the best sky-scrapers that has been erected since the Shelton. It is the only one I can think of offhand which has used perfectly straightforward means to accentuate the vertical lines: bands of brown and black brick connecting the windows, alternating with bands of white brick for the solid wall. The color is happy, and the use of an orange-brown window shade to add another touch of warmth is highly rational and satisfactory; in all the fuss that has been made about color during the last ten years, the neglect of this opportunity hitherto has been absurd. The sole bit of ornament, except for the brick patterns, is in the great polished granite plaque which forms the entrance, incised with the figures of a street crowd and the happy legend—"He made so many of them." Is the flat contrast of the dark granite block with the rest of the building altogether satisfactory? No; for it has the air of being pasted on, and it would doubtless have worked better if the wall above had been a single mass, instead of contrasted strips. As for the domed black-glass entrance hall, with the revolving globe and the meteorological charts, it would be a fitting entrance to a natural-history museum, and one might even tolerate it as a vestibule to a newspaper that really made some pretensions to covering all the phenomena of time and space, like The New York Times. As the entrance to the Daily News Building, it is funny but not vulgar. In fact, the only vulgar note in the whole building is the riotous marble entrance to the elevators, which one reaches only after a tortuous tour of the world. This is entirely out of key with the rest of the place; but for some reason, when Mr. Raymond Hood goes wrong, he goes wrong particularly hard at this point, and the elevator cars themselves are usually even worse: those in the Daily News Building are as bad as those in the Beaux Arts apartments—and that is saying a good deal. But these are minor flaws in a relatively able and straightforward composition. The advance of the Daily News Building over the Chicago Tribune Tower must be measured in geological eras.

THE BEAUX ARTS APARTMENTS

These apartments offer an interesting contrast in design to that of the Daily News Building; for, having a broad, well designed panel of windows, instead of the narrow vertical unit that was used in the Daily News Building in order to permit the creation of partitions at any point in the wall, Mr. Hood here accentuated the horizontal lines by binding the windows together with a band of red brick, alternating with ivory in the spaces between. Since the windows are not the long un-

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broken panels of contemporary European design, there is nothing functional in this pattern: it is pure decoration, and it would have gained as such, I think, had the whole building been carried out in shades of brick a little closer in color and tone than the present peppermint-candy contrast. The apartments within are admirably designed: the window is really adequate and the shapes of the rooms uncommonly good; while the bathroom, in black and buff, is elegant without being mischievously fussy. But there are minor lapses. One of them is the use of stock doors with the usual old-fashioned moldings for the frame and the panels of the door itself. It was probably just a matter of having some minor functionary in the office order the right sort of door instead of the wrong one; for if I am not mistaken, the plain unpaneled designs already exist; but the lapse was none the less grievous. The other bad notes are the dabs of decoration in the entrance hall. I have theoretically no objection to decoration; but in actuality, I have scarcely seen a piece of modern decoration anywhere that passes muster. The first step today is not to use modern decorative forms, but to use modern decorative *elements,* color, texture, simple contrasting masses of different materials—glass, copper, brick. Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright has led the way here; and independently, experimental artists like Marcel Duchamps, John Storrs, Arthur Dove, Constantin Brancusi, Domela-Nieuenhuis have made many very suggestive essays in the same line. Veterans like Berlage in Holland, to say nothing of pioneers like Oud, have begun to take advantage of these experiments. The first job of our modern American architects is to learn that modernistic mish-mash is not a whit better than acanthus leaves.

The Boston Railroad Station

Boston will soon have the distinction of possessing two modern stations; for though the exterior of the South Station remains unchanged, the old smoke hall—or train shed—has been supplanted by covered platforms which permit the smoke to escape and shelter only the passengers, thus wiping out that romantic inferno created by early industrialism under the meretricious banner of utility. The entire interior has been smartened up: the glazed white bricks with their black lettering have given way to polished marble panels and electric signs. On the whole, the improvement is notable; in one or two smaller details, like the modernistic *Kritzelei* in the ticket-window grilles, the design falls short of the best possible achievement; but the renovated interior is bright and handsome, and it will probably remain that way. The North Station is more satisfactory on the inside than the outside, although the whole structure is new. Here again, the main elements have been well handled: all the necessary legends are bold and visible, as they should be in such a building; and it is chiefly the few stray attempts at ornament that fall short of a decent esthetic result. One could wish that the Harvard dormitories had been built in the same spirit as these stations. With the Necco and Schrafft factories, the Sears, Roebuck store in Cambridge, and these renovated termini, metropolitan Boston begins to claim a place in modern architecture, a place it had lost since the days when Richardson designed the Boston and Albany railroad station and Austin and Seaver Halls.

The Bonwit Teller Building

There are plenty of proofs that modern architecture is no more dependent upon the skyscraper for its success than it is dependent upon the subway. The entire work of Frank Lloyd Wright is a refutation of this notion; and in New York, the relatively early Ford building on Broadway, designed by Ernest Wilby for Albert Kahn, was a proof of this maxim. The Bonwit Teller Building, formerly the Stewart Building, done by Warren and Wetmore, is another proof. It owes nothing of its distinction to height: its virtue arises from a considered use of the elemental units; the relation of window and wall space, the delicate use of color, and the employment of large limestone slabs as a covering for the steel frame in a way that excluded the ancient connotations of masonry. So severe was the front of this building that each smallest touch of decoration counted; and the original show windows, in their fine green frame with delicate central accents, were by far the finest things on the Avenue. In remarking the building, the new company wisely decided to replace the original panel above the entrance, which looked like a bad perfume advertisement, with a geometrical grille: it was an improvement in form, but unfortunately Mr. Ely Jacques Kahn, the new designer, did not see fit to retain the original color in either the grille or the show windows, which were almost redesigned; and the loss in color almost offset the gain.

The Chrysler Building

From my little patch of garden in the midst of the wastes of Long Island, I discovered, in the heavy yellow haze of an autumn day, that a slender church spire had lifted itself above the railway embankment. I knew that my eyes were playing me a trick; and in a second I realized that the unusual church spire was only the pinnacle of an office building. Heaven help the person who critically looks at this building without the help of distance and heavy mists. The ornamental treatment of the façade is a series of restless mistakes, (which culminate in the egregious gargoyles and the ecclesiastical pinnacle). These mistakes could easily have been corrected by a plain factual statement of the materials, with no attempt to symbolize the spirit of the automobile or the ghost of Mr. Chrysler or whatever else it was that was being

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symbolized; and as for the treatment of the lobby, it was doubtless meant to stun and dazzle our country cousins, but what positive virtues it has would make it more suitable for a Chicago movie palace. That this building should come from the hands of Mr. Van Alen, the designer of the very hopeful Child's Building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, is just about as surprising as the fact that all this inane romanticism, this meaningless voluptuousness, this void symbolism, should have been commissioned by the manufacturer who has the reputation of having effected an esthetic revolution in the design of the moderate-priced car. The chief vice of Americans, my friend B—— is in the habit of saying, is romanticism without imagination. The Chrysler Building is a beautiful demonstration of this fact. Such buildings show one the real dangers of a plutocracy: it gives the masters of our civilization an unusual opportunity to exhibit their barbarous egos, with no sense of restraint or shame. Among the many blessings of depression, one must count the diminution of such opportunities.

The Empire State Building

It is too early to give an opinion of this building as a whole; but one or two things already stand out. Item: it really is tall: from almost every part of the city it bulks so large that it almost looks as if it belonged to a different race of structures from the thirty and forty-story Lilliputians that make up the foreground. Its size gains from its simple, four-square mass; but the effect of both height and mass is not in the least aided by the so-called mooring mast for dirigibles—i. e., a public comfort station for migratory birds—that tops the structure: quite otherwise. Nothing could be stupider and sillier than this mast; and as soon as the directors of the building were advised that an actual dirigible that tried to moor above the city would be a public nuisance, they might better have dropped their little conceit quietly; no one would have taunted them for doing so. The mast remains, I suppose, in order to reënforce its claim to being the highest building in the world—as if that fact were of the slightest importance. The chrome nickel facings on the Empire State Building are the sort of experiment I had rather see conducted on a building of eight stories instead of eighty-seven. In accentuating the vertical lines, they merely nickel-plate the lily; and their termination in rosettes is inane. There is no suggestion of making the material integral with the structure. At present, the building looks as if it would be respectable but dull. It shows no real advance.

The New York Style

The buildings of Radio City, which narrowly escaped being "Egyptian" as a result of Mr. John D. Rockefeller's trip to Egypt, are now, according to the newspapers, to be in the "New York style." This is the proper name to apply to the weakly conceived, reckless, romantic chaos that has been projected for this development; but it is hardly a recommendation. The present plans call for three solid blocks of buildings, broken by a small plaza in the central group. Two of the buildings are huge theaters; one is a possible opera house. The offices of the National Broadcasting Company will occupy the central site: sixty-eight stories high, with more usable space than the Empire State Building; flanking it will be two skyscrapers forty-five stories high. To make the cross section of metropolitan disorder a little more representative, there will be a shop and bank building on Fifth Avenue, designed as a series of superimposed oval hatboxes. This is the New York style with a vengeance: absence of scale, super-congestion, failure to recognize civic obligations and utter inability to consider a new problem in any form except the skyscraper-stereotype. But what a unique opportunity! Here was a chance for a philanthropist, unfettered by the current traditions of the go-getter, the booster and the ground-monopolist, to furnish a pattern for orderly city development: business buildings properly subordinated in height to traffic accommodations, continuous arcades under an entire block to provide vehicle and pedestrian access, a choice of sites on a basis of function alone, a complete demonstration of the economy and beauty of common sense. The opportunity has been wantonly wasted. Given three clear blocks, without the cramped lot restrictions that have created wasteful skyscraper towers, our New York architects and business men are so completely the creatures of habit that they can only reproduce the stultifying actuality to which they have adapted themselves! This is the sorriest failure of imagination and intelligence in modern American architecture. If Radio City is the best our architects can do with freedom, they deserve to remain in chains.

The Squibb Building

If No. 2 Park Avenue is Mr. Ely Kahn's most successful attempt to use warm tones and full color in a large office building, perhaps the most satisfactory essay in color to be seen so far in New York, the Squibb Building, shows equally what can be done in pure white, when it is intelligently used —provided that the smoke nuisance is abated and the tower can catch a little sunlight. It is a consistent piece of work, down to the fact that here Mr. Kahn almost parted with his deplorable practice of boldly differentiating the lower floors with their show windows from the main mass of the building. One congratulates the architect upon the general restraint and sincerity which characterize his whole handling of the problem. It is a great relief after the fireworks, the Coney Island barking, the theatrical gew-gaws that have been masquerading as *le style moderne* around Manhattan during the last few years. To be modern is to make the least fuss possible about the superficies of

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a building: it is to concentrate upon the essentials and, above all, to do nothing merely for the effect. The chief thing that has been done for effect in this building, the black vertical panels on the side, is a mistake.

Was Ist Modern?

This is a question that has been agitating the Germans and Austrians very heartily for the last few years. There are a hundred possible theoretical answers; but, in view of all the nasty trickery and pretense which flaunts itself as modern today, and uses all the correct phrases to describe the most painful departure from decency, I would prefer to give a few concrete examples. Thirty or forty years ago one of the best modern buildings was put up in New York. It is at 900 Broadway, and it is still worth looking at today, for although it has lost its freshness and been defaced by advertising signs, it shows fewer lapses from good form and has more positive virtues than most of our modern business buildings. It "dates" of course; but it is so well thought out, so fresh, so sincere, that it dates far less than the R. C. A. Building which is not yet finished. To my shame, I do not even know the name of the architect; although I think I have detected his hand in one or two minor buildings around the city. Another example of sound work on a small scale is a drug store on Madison Avenue at Seventy-fifth Street. Here a complete glass front is used to the fullest advantage, for it reveals a carefully ordered interior, with a counter across the middle and row after row of labeled bottles and jars: without a single trick or fake symbolism it proclaims its function and purpose. It is an admirable proof, this design, that sincerity in architecture demands some equivalent in the function or the institution sheltered. In this case, the pharmacy happens to be one of those rare "ethical" shops which really sells drugs and medicaments, and makes no effort to purvey coffee, books, sandwiches, electric radiators and toys. I wish most of our practitioners of "modern" decoration and "modern" architecture would look long and prayerfully at this shop front. They will not be able to steal a single trick from it; but if they caught a little of its spirit, our architecture would undergo a sudden renaissance, quite different from the sort over which the Sunday magazine sections gloat. The Cassebeer Pharmacy is modern; and it shows how gracious pure *Sächlichkeit* may be when it is carried out with imagination.

One more example of a fairly satisfactory modern building: the Neurological Institute, so far the best of the whole group around the Medical Center. There is hardly a false touch in the whole structure. The plan is admirable, the provision of solariums and usable roofs, the disposition of the windows the absence of any feeling of strain or artfulness on either the warm tan exterior or the interior—all this makes it a real contribution to the mental poise and equilibrium of the beholder, badly battered and disarrayed though he may be by a hundred efforts to stun him through the exhibition of size, costliness or brummagem decoration. Real intelligence and sound feeling are present in this building: when our architects acquire these characteristics their feeble poses and frantic half-baroque gestures will automatically go into limbo. To be modern is in fact to be at the opposite pole from being "modernist." The latter represents the esthetic collywobbles of the pusher, the advertiser, the booster; one sees it at its worst in shop fronts like those of Bedell on Thirty-fourth Street and the Gotham Hosiery Company on Fifth Avenue; and it is, if anything, an even lower and deader stage of architecture than the archaism of the past generation.

Lewis Mumford.

Farewell, Park Row!

THE DEATH of The New York World was somehow different from that of the other great dailies killed by mergers. There was a feeling that something more than a newspaper was passing: this time an institution was dying, and along with it a whole era in journalism. The days of footloose reporters, of tyrannical, warm-hearted editors, of independence, brilliance and irresponsibility were ended. When The World disappeared, the lives of leg men, rewrite men, copy-desk men and special writers would be more precarious, more circumscribed. And for once these individualists united in defense of their livelihood and traditions.

On the morning of Wednesday, February 25, James W. Barrett, the city editor, picked up the files of the city courts and learned that the Pulitzer brothers were attempting to have the terms of their father's will set aside so that they could sell their three New York newspapers, morning, evening and Sunday, to the Scripps-Howard syndicate. For three months there had been rumors of the sale, but they had been denied. This was the first official warning to the employees of The World that within the week their jobs might cease to exist.

Mr. Barrett immediately called together a few of the available men; they decided to retain counsel. Gustavus Rodgers, the lawyer selected, offered his services free of charge and appeared in court that day to request an extension of time so that the employees might organize to protect their interests. The request was refused by Surrogate Foley. In the evening, Mr. Barrett announced that a meeting would be held at the Hotel Astor. It was late and many of the men had already left for home, but nevertheless the ballroom was overcrowded. Those present formed themselves into a coöperative group, naming Mr. Barrett as its permanent chairman. Two proposals were discussed and enthusiastically adopted. The first was the idea of raising funds and attempting to buy the three papers for the employees; the second was asking Herbert Pulitzer

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to give them two weeks in which to equal the bid already made by the Scripps-Howard interests.

It was the contention of the Pulitzers that from the first public announcement of their intention to sell The World, every hour's delay in completing the sale subtracted thousands of dollars from the value of their property. This explains the attempt to keep the transaction secret, an attempt carried so far that the Pulitzers got in touch with no one on their staff. Ralph Renaud, the managing editor, asked that, out of kindness to the men, the first news of the proceedings be given to the employees. The refusal of this request caused a great deal of bitter feeling, expressed in office jokes. An office boy took the thorny stems of some roses, minus the flowers, and sent them as a tribute to the Pulitzers. An editor typed off a notice addressed to the owners of the paper: "When Mr. Pulitzer gets ready to release his story, The World will be delighted to give him space."

On Wednesday morning, most of the men on The World would no more have thought of owning their own newspaper than of owning a castle on Mars. By Wednesday night they had gathered together, mainly from their own resources, nearly half a million dollars toward the purchase price. All day Thursday, help poured in by telegraph from every part of the country and by cablegram from Europe. Most of it consisted of contributions from newspaper men, although Perry's drugstore, that familiar first-aid station for reporters with a hangover, offered $5,000. Mayor Walker pledged a substantial sum. The typographical unions expressed their willingness to raise money. A cable from Albin Johnson, World correspondent in Geneva, read, "Ten thousand. Good luck. Regards." The editorial staff of The Nashville Tennessean agreed to buy one $200 share among them, and wished they could do more. A pledge to buy stock in The World if put under employee ownership was circulated after the lunch hour in the editorial department of The Houston Chronicle; $500 was subscribed in ten minutes, and by three o'clock the sum had been raised to $1,500. "There are thousands of newspaper men," said the telegram from Houston, "to whom The World has been the law and the prophets and who would pawn their last shirt to help keep the paper as a liberal-independent. Half a million dollars or more might be made available to the World employees in that way, the Chronicle staff believes." The estimate was hardly an exaggeration. By Thursday evening, with outside assistance, the employees of The World had in sight nearly $2,000,000 toward the purchase of the three newspapers on a coöperative basis. With another million, they could have equaled the cash bid of the Scripps-Howard interests. They were, however, facing tremendous odds. The World, by the statement of its owners, had been losing $2,000,000 a year; and even though the employees seriously questioned these figures, it is very much to be doubted whether they could have succeeded in putting the three newspapers on a paying basis.

By Thursday night a mood of fatalism was beginning to spread under the tarnished gold dome of the World Building. "Yes," said an office cynic, "they'll sell the papers and kill them. And what's more, our bad luck will hold to the end. The Telegram will scoop us on the news of the sale." At eleven o'clock came an interruption. Mr. Rodgers telephoned the waiting men to say that he had just been talking to Surrogate Foley's secretary, who told him that the decision would be very unexpected. This could mean only one thing, and for ninety long minutes the employees were optimistic. Yet the prophecy of the office cynic was about to be wholly fulfilled. Not only were the Pulitzer papers sold at 12:30 on Friday morning, but they were scooped on the sale by the paper with which they were about to be merged. The Telegram had its extra on the streets ten minutes before that of The World.

The death of the Pulitzer papers meant that nearly three thousand men would have to look for new positions—for positions which might or might not exist. Some of the special writers, most of the cartoonists, and the more important editors had contracts extending for several months or a year. A few members of the staff had better protection than that afforded by any contract: they had a reputation with the public which meant that a place would always be found for them, no matter how circumscribed the newspaper world became. There would be jobs on The Telegram for a few extra men, but those most likely to receive help were precisely those who needed it least. The oldest employees, those who had served The World for twenty-five to fifty years and had become relatively unable to adjust themselves to new conditions, were hopeless in the face of disaster.

For twenty-four hours the scene in the World Building was of utter confusion. Nobody knew at first whether the next edition was to be taken from the presses. Later, after the presses stopped, nobody knew whether to carry on the routine work. It was the Mad Hatter's tea party, with everything served but tea.

On Friday afternoon I paid a farewell visit to The World. Room after room was in a state of chaos that could not have been produced by the greatest scoop in history. People were somberly drinking in every corner. Pale, unshaven, they looked as if they hadn't slept for several nights, and in most cases this was true. The editors' desks were piled high with flowers, a farewell gift from their staffs. One man was wrapping up a great bunch of American Beauties while tears streamed down his cheeks. "Meet you on the bread line," was the catch phrase that echoed from room to room. People wandered disconsolately up and down, saying meaningless things. "Listen, Harry, never call a football field a gridiron; it just ain't." —"Have a drink, Bill."—"Hartford isn't such a bad place to live—better than nowhere. You're

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damned lucky if you ask me." All having a common misfortune, all wished to be together till the last moment. The act of walking to the elevator would put a period at the end of a newspaper tradition as old, as close to the emotions of those who shared it, as any in this country.

The end of this tradition seemed far to outweigh the possibility that many of these men, and the families they supported, would soon go hungry. What they felt more keenly at this moment was that they had already ceased to be an integral part of these long rooms littered with copy paper and newsprint. The rattle of typewriters had long since died away. The streets below their windows were heavy with dusk. One by one in silence, or together in loud unhappy groups, the employees of The World moved toward the elevators; they left the building which had once dwarfed all others in Manhattan; they stumbled down Park Row, now empty of newspapers and existing as a street of pawnshops, drugstores, speakeasies, and cheap restaurants where reporters would no longer finish a hasty meal before rushing off to cover the assignment that would surely make them famous. PEGGY BAIRD.

In Dispraise of Life, Experience and Reality

IN SPEAKING of the new philosophic movement which began with the present century, William James remarked: "It lacks logical rigor, but it has the tang of life." It is strikingly significant of the temper of our age that this was intended and has generally been taken as praise of the new philosophy. To any of the classical philosophers, to whom not life, but the good life, was the object of rational effort, James's dictum would have sounded as a condemnation. For life devoid of logic is confused, unenlightened and often brutish. Indeed the new philosophy itself maintains that it is precisely because unreflective life is so unsatisfactory that it gives rise to logic. Why then should the word *life* itself be a term of praise except to those who prefer the primitive and dislike intellectual effort?

I can imagine that a classical philosopher living long enough amongst us to penetrate some of our bewildering ways might conclude that our worship of mere life, rather than the good or rational life, reflects the temper of an acquisitive society, feverishly intent on mere accumulation, and mortally afraid to stop to discriminate between what is worth while and what is not. The same preference for terms of promiscuous all-inclusiveness, rather than for those that involve the discrimination essential to philosophic clarity, shows itself also in the use of the terms *experience* and *reality*. It is of course true that surface clarity can readily be obtained by ignoring fundamental difficulties, and that we cannot dispense with terms indicating the unlimited immensities of which our little formulated systems are but infinitesimal selections. But if the world contains many things and therefore distinctions between them, ignoring these distinctions is not the same as profundity. The honorific use of non-discriminating terms can only serve to darken counsel. That this has actually been the case in ethics and in theories of knowledge, in religion and in art, becomes clear on reflection.

That the continuance of mere physical life is an absolute moral good seems to be axiomatic in current ethics. It serves as a basis for the unqualified moral condemnation of all forms of suicide and euthanasia. Now I do not wish to question the biologic proposition that there are forces which make the organism continue to function after we have lost all specifically human goods, such as honor and reason. What I do wish to point out is that this setting up of mere life as an absolute moral good, apart from all its social conditions, is inconsistent with our approval of the hero or the martyr who throws away life for the sake of honor or conscience. It would be pathetically absurd to praise the abandoning of life by John Huss or Giordano Bruno on the ground that it increased or prolonged the total amount of life. Indiscriminate increase of population beyond any definite limit is of very doubtful moral value—despite the arguments of those who oppose all forms of birth control. We must not lose sight of the fact that life always carries with it not only the seeds of disease and inevitable death, but also the roots of all that is vicious and hideous in human conduct. We cannot, therefore, dispense with the classical problem of defining the good and discriminating it from the evil of life—a difficult and baffling problem, to be sure; but those who find it profitless are under no obligation to pursue moral philosophy.

The confusion of moral theory by the eulogistic use of the word *life* can be readily seen in the Nietzschean ethics—all the more instructive because Nietzsche himself starts from the classical perception of the inadequacy of ordinary utilitarianism in face of the moral values of heroism. The good life involves the sacrifice of ease and comfort, the receiving as well as the giving of hard blows. But

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just because Nietzsche is impatient of definition he falls into the easy error of sharply opposing the pursuit of life to the pursuit of knowledge—witness his essay on History. But the pursuit of knowledge is itself a form of life. This fact cannot be obscured by rhetorical contrasts between the life of the closet philosopher and the open-air or what is euphemistically called *real* life. To the eye of philosophic reflection, the scholar or persistent thinker shows as much life or vitality as those who have to cover their naked restlessness by a gospel of strenuous but aimless perpetual motion—in no particular direction. This is not the occasion to sing the praises of the intellect and what it has done to humanize life. We may grant that the distaste for arduous intellectual tasks is natural, blameless, and in some cases even providential. But when such distaste sets itself up as a philosophy of life it is only ridiculous.

This brings us to our second point, the theory of a vitalistic intuition superior to knowledge, the widespread notion that by mere living we get an insight superior to that of the intellect operative in exact and demonstrative science. To prevent misunderstanding, let me say that I am not referring here to genuine mysticism, which asserts that all intellection and language move in the mist of appearances and cannot reach the ineffable reality. Genuine mysticism always holds fast to the idea that the substance of reality is altogether beyond the power of language, and hence it does not use language to describe this reality. It holds that language can at best only indict its own shortcomings and thus point the way beyond itself. When, however, as in the Bergsonian theory, the claim of the scientific intellect is set aside for an instinctive intuition, and when this is held to provide a superior explanation of empirical phenomena like the formation of the eye of the scallop, it seems to me that philosophy is then not far removed from glorified quackery where the philosopher's stone is expected to remove the effects of the evil eye or cure toothaches and other empirical ailments.

We may grant that biology as a natural science does not carry us very far into the mystery of life. But it does not follow that our ignorance can be cured in any other way. The fallibility of scientific reasoning is best corrected only by definite experiments and the critical reasoning of science itself. When men despair of solving theoretic problems and appeal to undefined words like *life* they show themselves devoid of intellectual stamina. It is doubtless true that in the process of living our ideas develop, mature and receive a solid amplitude through an enriched content. Time tests our judgments and eliminates clever, plausible sophistries. But it is also true that the older a lamb grows the more sheepish he gets. Nothing seems so solidly established by anthropology and history as that men will not learn from what has actually happened to them unless they have developed the power of reflection. The idea that experience alone will teach everybody is a thin optimistic illusion.

The use of the word *experience* without any ascertainable meaning is perhaps the outstanding scandal of recent philosophy. In its original sense, which it still retains in ordinary, intelligible discourse, and from which we cannot altogether liberate ourselves in philosophy, experience denotes conscious feeling or something which happens to us personally. Thus I make my meaning clear when I say, "I did not experience any pain during an operation," or, "I have never experienced what it is to be struck by lightning." I may also speak of not having experienced the panic of 1872 or the other side of the moon. The absence of such experience need not, however, prevent me from knowing a good deal about the operation, the lightning, the panic of 1872 and the other side of the moon —more indeed than about many of my own experiences. For experience in this personal and ordinary sense is but an infinitesimal portion of what is going on in the world of time and space, and even a small part of the world of ordinary human affairs. To identify the substance of the world with the fact of our experiencing some part of it is to set up an anthropocentric universe, compared to which the medieval one is sane and respectable. For the medieval one rebuked silly and arrogant pretensions of humanity by setting against it the great glory of God.

An instructive instance of the confusing use of the term *experience* is the current phrase *religious experience,* used by those who regard it as a substitute for rational theology. Here again, I have no quarrel with anyone who claims to have had the beatific vision of God or a special revelation of the truths of religion. One who makes such a claim puts himself beyond argument except when he asks others to believe what he believes. Then the doubt which Tennyson applied to his own vision certainly becomes relevant. Nor is my quarrel with those who assume the truths of their religion on the authority of an historic church or revelation fortified by the necessary truths of reason. The current fashion which talks about religious experience distrusts the great streams of historic tradition as it does the claims of systematic theology—witness James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," in which none of the great historic religions receives any attention. He thinks he can establish "piecemeal supernaturalism" by the methods of natural science and the rules of empirical evidence.

An elementary consideration, however, of the logic of induction shows the impossibility of proving the existence of miraculous or supernatural interventions on the basis of the postulate of the uniformity of nature involved in induction. Indeed, the naturalist can well maintain that as instances of mystic experiences have their parallel in the effects of drugs, starvation, etc., the naturalistic explanation of them is the only one that is scientifically

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worth investigating. In any case, the spiritualistic hypothesis does not lend itself to the crucial test of affording us verifiable predictions. Not only a scientist but even a court of law would be derelict if it accepted as proved anything which rests on no better evidence than that offered by abnormal psychology for a finite, personal God and the immortality of the individual soul.

It is of course true that most people do not hold these beliefs as scientific hypotheses at all. Indeed, most people regard the cold, logical analysis of their religion with horror like that which would be evoked by a funeral orator who proceeded to give a scientific examination of the character of the deceased. We come to mourn and praise our friend, not to hear him psychologically analyzed. But all this is irrelevant in moments of reflection or when our beliefs are challenged by the contrary beliefs of others. One may say: I hold these truths and the faith in them strengthens my life. But such assertions cannot keep out the lurking doubt that it is the psychologic attitude rather than the truth of what is assumed that produces the practical effects. The pragmatic glorification of belief contains the deep poison of skepticism as to what really exists, and this like a Nessus shirt will destroy any religious belief that puts it on. Religion may begin in ritual and conduct, but it inevitably goes on to reflective belief that must submit to the canons of logic. The popular and superficial contrast between religion and theology ignores the fact that where a diversity of religion exists it is impossible to stop a process of reflection as to which of two conflicting claims is true. In such a society, a religious creed or theology (including the possibility of a negative or atheistic theory) becomes inescapable. Hazy talk about religious experience will not adequately meet the difficulties.

If terms that have no genuine negatives are to be condemned as devoid of significance, the word reality should head the list. I am not unmindful of the many attempts to define the unreal. But the question is: What corresponds to these definitions? The Hindu mystic is deeply irritated when the wise Chinaman suggests that the realm of Maya or illusion does not really exist, or that it is not worth while worrying about it. The reality of illusion is the emphatic center of the Hindu's philosophy, and similarly, of all those who sharply contrast reality and appearance. The difficulty here is classic. What I am more especially concerned about, however, is to call attention to the fact that the word *reality* maintains itself as a term of praise rather than of description. To be "in touch with reality" is our way of expressing what our less sophisticated brothers and sisters do by the phrase "in tune with the infinite." It is an expression which carries an agreeable afflatus without dependence on any definite meaning. Such edification is pleasing and would be harmless if it did not also cause intellectual confusion. This the eulogistic use of the word *reality* certainly does in the theory of art, especially in its realistic and expressionistic form.

Professor Neilson defined the realistic motive, in poetry and art generally, as the sense of fact. But whatever else art may involve, the process of selection is certainly essential to it in all its forms, useful as well as ornamental. Hence, the honorific use of a non-discriminating term like *reality* undoubtedly tends to justify the introduction of the inept and the ugly, which certainly cannot be denied to have real existence. But it is not only realism that is thus encouraged to escape or confuse the fundamental problem of what is relevant, fitting, or beautiful in representation and ornament. Expressionistic theories glorify the same lack of discrimination between the beautiful and the ugly. For expressionism is but a subjective realism. This becomes clear when we reflect that the real denotes, first human affairs, then physical things, and now vivid impressions or emotions, so that abstractions are not real to us. The praise of reality, therefore, now has as its core the glorification of vivid impressions or violent expressions, regardless of fitness or coherence. This shows itself in an indiscriminate admiration for the breaking of all hitherto accepted rules of art—as if all rules were necessarily hindrances. But rules of art like the so-called rules of nature are at bottom only statements of what is relevant and what irrelevant to any given case. Hence it is doubtless true that new situations in art cannot always be profitably decided by old rules. But this again is a question of specific fitness, not to be disposed of by all the violent assertion that the expression of inner reality is inconsistent with all rules. It is doubtful, for instance, whether such a convention as the rules of the sonnet ever hindered a great poet from expressing himself, though it doubtless has aided many minor ones, perhaps unduly so.

To conclude, we cannot praise life without including in our praise moral and physical evil, corruption and death. As experience certainly includes error and illusion, we cannot praise it indiscriminately as a support of truth. Finally, as reality undoubtedly includes the useless and the ugly, its praise cannot but confuse the arts.

Instead of life we want the good life. Instead of accepting experience science discriminates between the experience of truth and the experience of illusion. Not all reality, but only a reality free from ugliness and confusing incoherence is the aim of art. Conduct, science and art thus depend on rational discrimination. Rational philosophy tries to meet this need by defining the good, the true and the beautiful. The essence of the romantic use of the terms *life, experience* and *reality* is that it avoids this necessary task, and is, therefore, flattering to those to whom the use of reason is irksome. But the way to serenity and happiness through wisdom is more arduous and requires a purified vision into our hearts as well as courage to face the abysmal mystery of existence.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

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Washington Notes

Republican Dog Days—Militant Progressives—The Brown Derby in the Ring—Sidetracking Roosevelt—The New York Democrats

WITH Congress over, with the Democratic Committee meeting adjourned and the Progressive Conference ended, a period of relative political calm seems indicated. It is both interesting and significant that the party or faction which looks forward with the least relish to the presidential campaign of 1932 is the Republican party. Not since 1912 have I seen a more completely dispirited, bedraggled, discouraged and wilted set of "leaders," "managers," "wheel horses" and "directors." There is not an ounce of enthusiasm in the lot.

Here they are hooked up to Hoover's inevitable nomination and doomed to take the unpopular as well as the unsound side of the one real issue—prohibition. Hardly one of them in his heart wants Hoover's renomination and not more than a small minority agrees with him on the issue. In addition they have the business depression, from which there is no bright prospect that we shall emerge in time to do the Republicans much good. Moreover, there is the extraordinary loss of prestige by their candidate.

The really amazing thing is the complete disappearance of every Republican argument employed in the campaign of 1928. They have all vanished. The Republicans, with Hoover at the head, will enter the next campaign more wholly on the defensive than they have been in a generation. No wonder they feel dismal. Actually their sole hope lies in the knowledge that theirs is the majority party and that the Democratic party will become deadlocked in its convention and come out with a compromise candidate who lacks popular appeal.

As for the Democrats and progressives, the confidence with which they view the situation is correspondingly bright. So far as the latter are concerned they stand out as the one political element in the country with a definite program. Moreover, they were the one group with a program in the last session—the only one that gave any real thought to problems not connected with the "noble experiment," drought relief and the bonus loan. It is true that not much of their program went through. The Muscle Shoals bill was killed temporarily by the presidential veto and the lame-duck amendment died in conference, due largely to the personal distaste of Mr. Longworth for Senator Norris, the author of the proposal. But neither of these projects is dead. Both will come up in the next session livelier than before, with an increased public sentiment behind them. In the end they will go through.

Nothing could have argued more convincingly against Longworth's attitude toward a limited session than the last day of the Senate on March 4, when the one-man filibuster by Senator Thomas of Oklahoma piled up legislation on the scrap heap and reduced the proceedings to a state of humiliating futility. The point that stands out most clearly as a result of the session and the conference which followed is that the progressives, small numerically though they are, have had in the past three months, and will have in the next nine, more effect upon public thought than both the other parties. The obvious reason for this is that they give people more to think about. The paucity of ideas in the regular camps of the two parties is more or less ridiculous.

On the Democratic side the most interesting development since Congress adjourned and the Committee met is the revival of the idea that Al Smith is at least a receptive candidate for the nomination. Mr. Smith certainly managed to create that impression upon the plastic minds of the "corps of correspondents" with whom he conferred frequently and at length while in Washington last week. Heretofore I have agreed with the general notion that Mr. Smith did not want the nomination and was in no sense a candidate. This belief has certainly been promulgated by his closest friends in New York, most of whom are strongly in favor of Owen D. Young.

Despite the coyness with which Smith parried questions as to his 1932 candidacy here last week and despite the conviction among the questioners that he will run again, I am still inclined to stick to the original "dope." It is easy to understand why Mr. Smith should be noncommittal on the subject at this time and stay noncommittal until the convention meets. He is certainly the most popular figure in his party, with a great personal following. No man in his position can be expected to impair this influence by eliminating himself completely from the picture. It would be poor politics and Al is not a poor politician. If he is considered a possible nominee up to the time the convention meets, he will be in a much better position to dictate the nomination than if he should announce flatly, "No, boys, I'm out—under no circumstances will I run again."

However, his friends may be all wrong. If things in 1932 look as good from the Democratic point of view as they do now, he may really want to run again. No man in whom presidential ambition has once stirred can ever relinquish the idea of reaching the White House. Perhaps his belief that this time he can win will determine him to try again. As I write my confidence grows weaker that these Youngish friends of Al Smith accurately reflect his mind.

When you consider the facts, his alleged desire, as interpreted by the correspondents who talked with him, seems natural and logical. There is, in the first place, the general feeling that, Catholic or no Catholic, if he ran again he would not lose the South. Personally, I am convinced that this is true. There would be no bolt in that section as there was before. The punishment meted out to Heflin and Simmons and the repudiation of Bishop Cannon is sufficient, I think, to ensure that. Moreover, there is the fact that though he would run against Hoover again, it would be a different Hoover—a very different Hoover. Next year, unless his luck from now on is as good as it has been bad, it will be a Hoover shorn of prestige and glamor, a Hoover with the superman legend rendered ridiculous, a Hoover vulnerable in many, many spots. And finally there is, as Al himself pointed out to the correspondents, the undoubted increase in Wet sentiment caused by the growing recognition that the Eighteenth Amendment has failed dismally. When all these things are considered, it is not at all surprising that the hero of the

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Brown Derby, who this season is wearing a classy light-gray fedora, should secretly yearn for another chance at the White House. Perhaps his New York friends are right; perhaps the correspondents are right; perhaps Al Smith himself doesn't know yet. At any rate, when I consider every aspect of the question, I weaken.

The most significant thing about Al's visit to Washington was his refusal to say he was in favor of the nomination of Governor Roosevelt. There at least seems no doubt that the relations between the two are not cordial. My information is that Roosevelt, realizing this and believing there is a movement under way to sidetrack him either for Young or Smith, has determined to prevent the sidetracking if he can.

No one doubts the Governor's courage, and no one doubts that the action of the state committee in obstructing Mr. Raskob's plan to force a vote on the prohibition issue at the committee meeting was inspired by him and was a slap at Smith. Because, for all political purposes, Raskob is Smith. Smith created him politically and the closeness of their relations makes the idea of any political move by Raskob, without Smith's approval, absurd. Further, it seems clear that the present Tammany leadership, never friendly to Smith, supports Roosevelt and will stick by him. Altogether there is a prospect of a real rupture among New York Democrats, which, if it develops, will somewhat dispel the gloom hovering over Republican circles. But they will need more than one rupture to remove the pall that now envelops them.

Washington. T. R. B.

Taylor, Carpenter and Loeffler

STANDARDS must be in the air, directly over our heads. Standards of art and life. It is dubious whether the almost general judgment of the recent pieces by Deems Taylor, John Alden Carpenter and Charles Martin Loeffler, lately presented here, could have been arrived at as neatly as it was, without their assistance. The quality or essence of these recent works does not differ from that of the representative past performances of the composers. Yet where there has been unclarity and division of opinion concerning their productions, and unclarity and division relative not so largely to the final value of these musics as to their place in the American scheme of things, at present there is, all beautifully, definiteness and harmony.

In vain did that ancient Aeolian, Mr. Walter Damrosch, attempt to blow dissension into the array of the Greeks marshaled against Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson." The apathy of the Metropolitan's audience which heard the opera the day after the publication of his letter in defense of it, was extreme; and a few years ago that identical gathering had been frank in its approbation of the composer's little superior "The King's Henchman." In vain did the singers take curtain call after curtain call in the effort to stimulate enthusiasm. A few good souls applauded, that was all. Equally significant is the unanimously mild tone in which the newspapers couched their reports of the Gordon ensemble's performance of the Carpenter A-minor string quartet. Variations of the epithet "amiable" were common.

The general quarrel with the score of "Peter Ibbetson" would seem to hinge on its thoroughgoing opportunism. It is agreed that it includes a deal of very pretty music. The ballroom and "garden" scenes are occasions for fluent tuneful numbers, polonaises, waltzes and folk-choruses testifying to a decided capacity for music-making of the lighter, unpretentious sort. It is none the less clear that their effectiveness is compromised by the composer's unabashed inconsistency and want of artistic principle.

Taylor's score is entirely inapposite to George du Maurier's little play. Apart from the question whether this excessive bit of English sentimentality has any interest for our time, it is quite conceivable that a musical substance and style appropriate to its expression of boyish nostalgia could have been found: some veiled, tinkling, reminiscent and music-box-like sonority true to the state of those who turn to day-dreaming for ultimate satisfaction, and perceive the things about them "with a ray turned back upon the past." Taylor's music evidently was written without reference to the nature of the subject before him.

While the form wavers between, or tries to combine, that of music drama and that of opera comique, the declamation, important to either form, is incongruous with the text. One has to wander far in the literature of English opera to find an instance of English speech set more utterly without cadence, more disrespectfully of its intrinsic music. Taylor's orchestral symphony is equally insensitive. It is not only barren of a style: it consists of a series of indiscriminate, arbitrary attempts to bring the scene to effectivity. Brilliant and imposing musical norms, invented to express other entirely different sorts of realities, are cavalierly applied to the slender subject. One finds all the dynamics and rhetoric of the immensely pathetic romantic expressions linked, say, to "poor Peter's" attempts to orientate himself by lying on a couch and "dreaming true"; and his dream-lady's extension of mothering arms to him is accompanied by orgasmic surges unironically suggestive of "Tristan" or "Ein Heldenleben." Besides music of a Wagnerian and Straussian cast, one hears Tchaikowsky, Debussy, together with brilliant salon and folk tunes.

The general quality of the solutions of an artistic problem so unresponsively conceived can easily be guessed. Naturally, these ingrafted and derivative norms not only fail to harmonize with the action; they fail to cohere among themselves and form a significant whole. In the end, for all the hubbub in the orchestra and on the stage, in spite of the harmlessness and even brightness of certain individual passages, one sits bewildered by the sense that nothing has been said at all, and nothing of any sort taken place.

The grounds of the quarrel with Carpenter's string quartet are equally clear, if not equally cogent. Possibly it is a mistake to take any issue with a composition as debonair of spirit, as unpretentious and disarming, as this recent lightly rhythmical work of the Chicago amateur. His wit and playfulness and cleverness have gone into it more happily than into any of the Concertino's successors: the somewhat Debussyish adagio and the part jazzy, part Spanish moderato are very diverting. For all the eclecticism of the material, the gross opportunism underlying

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"Peter Ibbetson" is absent: the various stuffs are far more relative to a central idea and interfused and incident, than those of Taylor's opera. And still, the quarrel with it seems justified.

The quartet is insufficiently engaging and substantial. Aiming perhaps at a musical equivalent for light verse, Carpenter has again produced something bordering upon musical *vers de société*. The difference between these two classes of work lies, of course, in the degree of freshness and artistic discipline which the one possesses and the other lacks. Thus, while hitherto puzzled to know precisely what dissatisfied us with this composer's work, today we are perfectly aware that the villain is an incorrigible comfortableness and facility of approach.

As for Loeffler's "Partita for Piano and Violin," the general respectful neutrality toward it might conceivably have little bearing on his more ambitious compositions. The recent work is a fairly arbitrary group of four little pieces bound chiefly by their elegant eighteenth-century titles. The second of them comprises four *agréments* on a sarabande by the baroque composer Johann Mattheson; the third is a *divertissement* on jazz material confederable with the "blues" of Ravel. A purple "Intrada to a Merry Fugue" leads off. The last movement is an elegiac and tuneful "Finale des Tendres Adieux" broadly comparable to Debussy's Bergamasque music. Hence, despite the delicacy and workmanliness of its stylistically different numbers, the "Partita" might seem a minor work.

This it actually is not. It exhibits more taste and simplicity than most of Loeffler's grandiose compositions. At the same time both the virtues and vices of "A Pagan Poem" and "A Canticle of Brother Sun" are apparent in it; at least, we have never seen them as plainly and called them so clearly by name as we did the evening Messrs. Gordon and Pattison played the little piece. That name was neither "opportunism" nor "facility." The sage of Medford has always had artistic principles; modulated by the flow of time, but basically undeviating. If his latest work is lighter and more strictly melodic than his former, typically post-Wagnerian ones, it is indubitably so for the reason that he has developed his tastes. He has never striven for popular success; and his material has unvaryingly been submitted to artistic pressure. Still, some shallowness has always haunted his music, as it haunts the "Partita." The vulgarity of "A Pagan Poem" may be absent here: none the less, the quality given expression by real experience has not replaced it. There is a preciosity; there is a disagreeable pathos; somehow, it is all the music of a man of the world, who seems never to have possessed his own soul in strength. It is the music of the "ivory tower" indeed!

Finally, in support of the contention that standards are in the air, just over our heads—and certainly they are no more positive than that, for positiveness would be achievement—may it be mentioned that things have gone so far that though these compositions by three American composers do not seem to be American music, they none the less are beginning to appear typically American products, terribly typical? But here we touch upon a subject not for briefer mention, but for volumes.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Reproof and Reply

SIR: Miss Vera M. Dean might, no doubt, do excellent work as a member of the Foreign Policy Association, but it has recently become questionable if she maintains that same objectivity when reviewing books on Russia. I speak of her two recent reviews in The New Republic

In the earlier one she undertook the task of reviewing Yugoff's "Economic Trends in Soviet Russia." In part she says that the book "although obviously that of a political opponent, is free from vindictiveness and exaggerations, and is based primarily on economic considerations"; in closing she recommends it as a "healthy corrective" to all those in America who may think that Communism "offers a panacea for all the ills of capitalist industrialism. . . ." However, Yugoff does not fare so well at the hands of others. In The Economic Journal (June, 1930) Paul Haensel has branded this book as being "a typical production of a Russian Menshevik. . . ." Haensel further charges Yugoff with inaccuracy and an insufficiency of knowledge regarding internal and foreign trade, public finance, currency and budgetary practices. R. G. Randall (The London Nation, July 26, 1930) in reviewing Yugoff's work asserts that the "style is rhetorical . . . carries too far the policy of putting up ninepins in order to knock them down . . . not unmixed with a hot temper [remember Miss Dean's "based primarily on economic considerations"] that detracts from the effect of all the great learning, multifarious newspaper quotations and technical information Professor Yugoff has amassed in order to corroborate his attacks upon the Soviets and in order to improve his rhetorical periods." Even a cursory glance at the book itself should convince one that Haensel and Randall do not rely wholly upon prejudice to guide them in their comments.

One might forget the Yugoff review had it not been followed some weeks later by the sad review of Louis Fischer's "The Soviets in World Affairs." A great light has now come to Miss Dean: books are to be treated either as journalism or as history. . . . "As journalism" Fischer's efforts "rank high" but, "as history, the book is open to doubt." Upon whose mutterings does she say that, "rumor has it that Mr. Fischer wrote the history of the last twelve years at the behest of the Soviets?". . . Later, this "rumor" becomes "an uncomfortable suspicion . . . that he has an axe to grind." Still later, "It is to be regretted that Mr. Fischer, with his unrivaled opportunities for research and observation, was either unwilling or unable to give an impartial account of his inquiry." However, she does concede that the book might be "a unique and valuable record of international events *as the Soviets see them.*"

In a journal which has done its best, in the past, to drown out the more vociferous and rasping notes of the prosperity chorus, and to present "the other side," it seems rather incongruous for a reviewer to align herself on the side of the sentimental opponent of Soviet Russia, and to cry down an important interpretative study.

Portland, Oregon. WILLIAM H. TAYLOR.

SIR: It would be dangerous for any reviewer to pass judgment on his own objectivity, especially when so controversial a subject as that of Soviet Russia is concerned. I believe, however, that no greater disservice can be rendered to the Soviet cause than to praise its achievements while overlooking its weaknesses. To accept the Soviet system uncritically, as is frequently done in American liberal circles, is to my mind as grave a mistake as to assail it.

In my review of Mr. Yugoff's book I pointed out the two qualifications which must be borne in mind with regard to it: that it is the work of a political opponent of the Soviets, and that much of the material on which it is based is out of date. This does not, in my opinion, invalidate its main conclusions, which, I repeat, form a healthy corrective to many of the impressions let loose in the American press regarding the Soviet economic system. Mr. Yugoff does not claim to do more than write a critique of the Soviet economic system, and his book must be judged within these limitations.

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As I pointed out in my review of Mr. Fischer's book, I do not believe that the time has yet come for a definitive history of Soviet foreign policy, chiefly because the passions which surround this subject have not as yet subsided. Mr. Fischer attempts to write a history of Soviet foreign policy and, in my opinion, fails to do so because he writes solely from the Soviet point of view.

New York City. VERA MICHELES DEAN.

Salade Macedoine

SIR: I wish to offer my congratulations on the splendid editorial "Macedonia Fights On," which appeared December 31 in The New Republic. The causes for the terrorist activities of the Macedonians, to which they resort against their wills, were put in a nutshell. I do not think anyone has succeeded in giving such a concise and true picture of conditions in Macedonia today.

However, in regard to the *"salade macédoine,"* there is one point with which I do not agree. Prior to 1918, there was no such vegetable as a Serb in the concoction. After the Great War, the European diplomatic chefs, with a new recipe—the Peace Treaties—"confirmed the Jugoslavs in their possession of the larger part of the country," and the first Serbian vegetable was added to the *salade.* L. L. KISSELINTCHEFF,

Vice President, Macedonian Political Organization.

New York City.

SIR: The editorial in the issue of December 31, 1930, "Macedonia Fights On," does not do justice to The New Republic. Your description of Macedonia is of 1912, very important recent changes in that region being ignored. . . .

The part of the geographical entity of Macedonia belonging now to Greece is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks. In the volume published by the League of Nations entitled "Greek Refugee Settlement," the present population of this part of Macedonia is given as 1,511,000, of which the Greeks have 1,341,000. The proportions of different ethnical elements in 1912 and 1926 are given in this volume as follows: in 1912, 42.6 percent Greeks, 39.4 percent Moslems, 9.9 percent Bulgarians, 8.1 percent miscellaneous; whereas in 1926 there were 88.8 percent Greeks, 0.1 percent Moslems, 5.1 percent Bulgarians, and 6.0 percent miscellaneous.

Thus the Bulgarians form only 5.1 percent of the population of Greek Macedonia or, in numbers, 82,000 people. These figures do not bear out your statement that "Greeks are only along the seacoast of Macedonia." Nor is your other statement that the "Greek government set itself the task of getting rid of non-Greek elements" free of error or unfair connotation. As for the departure of the Moslem element from Macedonia, this was done under the Lausanne Convention for Compulsory Exchange of Greek and Turkish populations. . . .

As to the Bulgarians from the Greek territory of Macedonia, under the terms of the Reciprocal Emigration Convention of 1919 a total of 92,000 Bulgarians from Greece and 46,000 Greeks from Bulgaria have emigrated reciprocally to the country to which they were nationally akin. The emigrants carried away their movable property under the supervision of a Mixed Commission which liquidated their immovable property at very generous prices. . . .

An undesirable state of things exists only in the part of Macedonia now belonging to Jugoslavia. In the section of this territory near the Bulgarian boundary there is a population of South-Slavs, whose exact nationality is keenly disputed by both Bulgaria and Jugoslavia. In that territory the Bulgarians have been first in the field during the Turkish rule, and by intense propaganda and terrorism have succeeded in convincing many that they belonged to the Bulgarian nation. The Jugoslavs are now trying to undo what the Bulgarians had done. Your proposal of an "impartial investigation" is hardly practical in view of the results of so many "impartial" investigations prior to and after the Berlin Congress. It happened that after every such investigation the situation became worse. The only solution is the surgical operation adopted between Greece and her neighbors of a voluntary exchange of minorities.

With regard to your enthusiastic reference to the "brilliant and ruthless leader" of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, I must refer you to an article by Kosta Todoroff, a former leader of the organization and Bulgarian Minister at Belgrade, in "Foreign Affairs" for April, 1928. Mr. Todoroff's conclusion is that the present action of the Macedonian Organization does not and cannot serve the interests of Macedonia nor the real interests of Bulgaria. It can only serve the interests of other parties such as Italy, who would like to keep the *comitadjis* in action on the lines of communication between Jugoslavia and the Aegean. Mr. Todoroff believes that the Organization today stands as the only stumbling block in the road of union between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia; that it has finished its role in the struggle for Balkan liberty; and that it facilitates the schemes made outside the peninsula. . . .

New York City. STEPHEN P. LADAS.

The Teachers' Union

SIR: The readers of The New Republic may not wish to pass unnoticed the fact that on March 10, 1931, the Teachers' Union will have completed fifteen years of service in the city of New York. Fittingly enough the luncheon meeting on March 14, celebrating the event, will be addressed by Professor Harold J. Laski on "The Teachers' Union in a New Social Order." The luncheon will be held in the Hotel Astor, New York City, at 12:45 p. m.

The Teachers' Union has since its inception been more than a trade organization in the ordinary sense. Under trying circumstances and at times when taking an unequivocal position threatened the very existence of the Union, it has faced situations squarely. It defended the three teachers in the De Witt Clinton High School who were dismissed in 1917 because of their war views; it defended Mr. Glassberg, who was dismissed because he answered a question concerning conditions in Russia when it had been addressed to him in class; it fought against the enactment and for the subsequent repeal of the Lusk Laws; it was the only teachers' organization to protest against the arbitrary manner in which the Board of Education dropped Dr. Tildsley and Dr. Ettinger from their respective posts as Associate Superintendent and City Superintendent of Schools; it has fought (and blocked, at times) the introduction and extension of military training in the schools; it proposed to the Board of Education a plan to organize some of the elementary schools and one high school as experiment stations. (The Board met the proposal with the profound criticism that the plan is illegal.)

The Union has not neglected the economic well being of the teachers. Needed salary legislation was made possible through the coöperation of the Teachers' Union with representatives of other organizations.

The public aspects of the work of the Teachers' Union have served to stimulate a group of public-spirited men and women to organize the lay colleague of the Teachers' Union, namely, the Teachers' Union Auxiliary. The Auxiliary has been, since its organization six years ago, an added force among the forces that strive to make the schools good enough for *all* children. (Patrons of private schools please note the implication.)

The next fifteen years (March 10 marking a beginning no less than an ending) will, its members trust, find the Union even more useful to the teachers and the children of New York City, and more effective in its efforts to make the schools serve the social purposes that are their real justification. The best is yet to be.

New York City. JOSEPH JABLONOWER.

An Ardent Dry

SIR: Why is it that you defeatists pay no attention to American experience when you discuss lack of perfection in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment? America has tried the dispensary system five hundred times and discarded it, while you point across the seas to the doubtful results there and in Canada.

The Eighteenth Amendment is working from 70 to 95-percent perfect everywhere in America. I know America east of a line drawn through Waco, Texas and Minneapolis, Minn. I know nothing of conditions further west. . . . The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the greatest forward steps humanity has taken, since the abolition of human slavery.

St. Paul, Minn. GEORGE W. JONES.

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Hate Calls to Hate

Dynamite: The Story of Class Violence in America, by Louis Adamic. New York: The Viking Press. 452 pages. $3.50.

"DYNAMITE" is properly designated by its author, Louis Adamic, as a "dreadful" story. When the record of violence for sixty years is summarized in a book, one realizes that this is war—a constant fight marked by bloodshed, violence and dynamite on both sides. The workers, struggling for better conditions, exasperated and outraged by injustice, match the tactics of employers. But their soldiers are in conflict with the controlling social and political class, the executives and the courts, the chambers of commerce and the "respectables"—they are not in uniform and thus are dealt with as criminals.

In the early days of trouble in the Pennsylvania coal fields, the brutality of the operators was met by the "Mollie McGuires." The "Mollie McGuires" were hanged, but miners are still starving, are still assaulted by state and company police. Ludlow had its victims. I. W. W. members have been lynched, tarred and feathered, evicted and deported to the desert. Meetings of the workers in all sections have been broken up by the police, men and women clubbed and sent to the hospital and jail, but official and respectable lawlessness goes unpunished.

Since workers do not make, they break the laws. Thus, the record of court cases in the book always finds the workers as defendants. Sometimes they are guilty of crime, as witness the McNamaras, who admittedly dynamited the Times Building in Los Angeles. There the confession—perhaps more than the act—set back the labor movement for a generation. The execution of the Chicago anarchists in 1886, for opinion rather than for crime, put an end to the Knights of Labor—an effective federation of the day. Often the workers are clear victims of injustice or frame-up. Sacco and Vanzetti were executed, Mooney and Billings are entombed, the Centralia men die a slow death in jail.

Theoretically the law concerns itself with acts. Violence and murder subject the offender, if caught and convicted, to penalties which are fixed, more or less irrespective of motive. Intent, though important, involves merely intent to do the act. Yet one who commits an offense with unselfish design—a political offender, a fighter in a class war—is morally of a higher type than the ordinary criminal; this explains the historical distinction favoring political prisoners or political refugees. In present-day America, however, a criminal is safer than a labor leader, anarchist, communist or anyone else whose ideals are dangerous or whose opinions are detested.

In the usual criminal trial men are so protected by legal safeguards and technicalities that an innocent defendant is in little danger; but if the case affects emotions, if the defendant has unpopular views or belongs to a socially condemned group, the facts and the law are of little importance. The court and the jury need but an excuse to convict. The Gastonia defendants were Northerners, labor organizers, atheists and Communists. The verdict was inevitable.

Labor unions theoretically condemn violence, realizing that it reacts against the users. It is the same with employers. But practically, either side will use force if the particular situation seems to warrant it—and it usually does. The extent depends upon the militancy of spirit. Since the American Federation of Labor ceased to be a militant organization, the slogan has been non-violence, but its membership, vigor and influence are disappearing. As for the employers, even though they use violence, they are seldom defendants in criminal cases. They employ others to do their dirty work—Pinkerton detectives, gunmen and labor spies—or they rely on the militia or injunctions. Labor is beginning to follow similar tactics. For a long time the more militant unions directed violence through men like Bill Haywood and the McNamaras, who were ready to take the chance, either in the desire to retain leadership or in willingness to martyr themselves for the workers. Today militant unions, where they use violence, hire gangsters and thugs. Thus, racketeering is the watchword; and sabotage—"striking on the job"—is the inside operation.

Mr. Adamic's conclusions are so startling as to seem incredible. Of course, when one has a theory, all facts center toward the focal point. But no doubt the author, having studied the subject, is better qualified to judge than those whose knowledge comes from daily routine. He says: "The actual dynamiters and sluggers and assassins must have no official connection with the union offices, nor any close relationship with the leaders. . . . They began to hire professional criminals of the type that were soon . . . to be called 'racketeers' and these criminals 'pulled the jobs.'" A chief of a strong-arm operation, designated as a "Chicagorilla," referred Mr. Adamic to one of his sluggers: "Aw, there ain't nothin' to it. I gets my fifty, then I goes out and finds the guy they wanna have slugged. I goes up to 'im and I says to 'im, 'My friend, by way of meanin' no harm'—and then I gives him a biff in the mug. Nothin' to it."

Poverty in America drives men not into the radical movement, which might make them class-conscious workers for better conditions, but into the underworld. It is not surprising that unions take advantage of this situation. Sometimes they employ gangsters in order to protect themselves from gunmen retained by the employers. One union applies to the Al Capone gang to protect it from the "Bugs" Moran gang. Gradually the gangsters "muscle into" the unions and gain a large measure of control. The New York newspapers reported that in July, 1930, racketeers whose aid had been sought by the unions in their struggle against employers had taken control of several organizations; that they extorted a million to two million dollars yearly from garment manufacturers alone under the threat of starting labor troubles in their establishments. Mr. Adamic concludes: "The great majority of trade unions as yet have nothing to do with racketeers and are steering clear of violence, but the gangsters are making such swift inroads that the situation deserves the concerned attention of social-minded people."

It is the author's thesis that originally gangsters were organized by detective agencies and hired out to powerful industrialists to protect their property and scabs, and to attack strikers. Later the labor organizations, taking their cue from capital, began to hire strong-arm men to slug scabs, assassinate employers and foremen, and dynamite mills, mines and uncompleted bridges and buildings. The method of sabotage, while not so sensational, has also been found effective. "There can be no injunction against sabotage, no policeman's club, no rifle diet, no prison bars." For all this, the author does not attempt to suggest a remedy. He merely presents the facts.

Most readers of this book will doubtless agree with Mr. Adamic that we have "extreme want and misery for the millions, riotous wealth and luxury for the few. It's a lunatic asylum," he continues, "full of what de Tocqueville called 'blind audacity,' utterly lacking in intelligence, over-

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producing everything but brains." What wonder that, to some, dynamite has been and continues to be the answer.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

Toussaint Louverture

The Black Napoleon: The Story of Toussaint Louverture, by Percy Waxman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 298 pages. $3.50.

THE TITLE of this book and a part of its contents are bothering me—not so much from the literary or historical angle, but rather in the same way I was bothered by an interesting animal which another small boy and I once dug out of a hole in the woods of Georgia. The boy maintained that it was a *gopher* and offered to fight me about it. I had recently come from Kansas, where a gopher is a small furry animal like a prairie dog, and we nearly did fight because the animal we had unearthed in Georgia was to me a turtle, a sort of hump-backed land terrapin. I was glad we didn't fight, because I subsequently learned that the boy's father and The Atlanta Constitution also called it a gopher. I also learned that in still another section of the United States gopher is the name of a snake, and that fighting wouldn't have helped much, since in this land of philological freedom a gopher is evidently any sort of animal you think it is or want it to be.

I am inclined to believe that such historical names as Napoleon Bonaparte and Toussaint Louverture are similar philologically to the gopher, and that fighting about them, even mildly in a brief book review, is going to be similarly inconclusive; for such is basically the only quarrel I have with Mr. Waxman's readable and brilliantly documented volume. I wish he hadn't called it "The Black Napoleon." The true black Napoleon, if Haiti or the Negroes ever had one, was the mad, magnificent and bloody King Christophe; whereas Toussaint has always seemed to a good many Haitians to have been a great and good but curiously tangled combination, if one must institute parallels, of Jesus Christ, Judas Iscariot, Abraham Lincoln, Eugene Debs, a Roman mercenary general and St. Francis of Assisi.

Rather than marching with Napoleonic ruthlessness and efficiency toward a goal which would make him master of the world—even his little world—Toussaint had a great and pure and beautiful dream of freedom for his fellow slaves, which he sought personally to realize by means which at times became exceedingly devious, dubious and tangled. There was so much of the true Debs-and-Jesus quality in Toussaint that while wanting freedom for his fellow blacks he wanted also to protect the masters—not only their lives, wives and daughters, but also their plantations. Real final freedom was won by risen slaves in Haiti, as I suspect it is always won, with torch and sword, by fire, rape, murder, massacre—aided providentially at the last by no noble compromises, but by yellow fever. The idealistic methods of Toussaint had left the slaves, at the time he held his greatest power, in a position where only the name of their lot was changed. He called them free men, but sent them back to the plantations of the whites and made them work almost identically as they had done in slavery. Mr. Waxman neither suppresses nor distorts this record; nor does he gloss over the fact that Toussaint at times fought both for and against his fellow slaves, for and against his masters, sometimes on the side of the French, sometimes on the side of the Spanish, sometimes on that of the English. He seeks to harmonize the exterior facts with an inner idealistic direction to which he believes Toussaint was always true, and ascribes to him finally a character almost Christlike in its idealism. This is an attitude toward Toussaint which Mr. Waxman shares with the poet Wordsworth and many of the best historians. But why, sharing it, did Mr. Waxman choose to call his book "The Black Napoleon"? Does he perhaps consider that Napoleon also was Christlike? I am afraid this review has become just what I feared it would—a futile philological discussion about gophers.

Except for this:

It was Boukman who led the first massacres. It was Christophe who burned the Cape. It was Dessalines who ripped the white forever from the Haitian flag. If I were a slaveholder and wanted to keep my slaves, and to keep my head on my shoulders, I'd rather have a dozen Toussaints on the plantation than one Boukman, one Christophe, one Dessalines.

WILLIAM B. SEABROOK.

Indians of the Southwest

Ancient Life in the American Southwest, by Edgar L. Hewett. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 392 pages. $5.

The Navajo Indians, by Mary Roberts Coolidge and Dane Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 316 pages. $4.

THROUGH their many detailed and special studies, anthropologists have now accumulated sufficient material to allow for a synthesis of the facts and problems presented by certain cultures. This is true of the Southwest; and Dr. Hewett, in his "Ancient Life in the American Southwest," is attempting just such a synthesis. He is, unfortunately, a better archeologist than he is an anthropologist. Only the chapters devoted to archeological explorations in the country around Santa Fe, where Dr. Hewett is director of the School of American Research and of the Museum of New Mexico, are particularly valuable. These chapters, and one in particular discussing the exploration of the Great Sanctuary of Chetro Ketyl, underneath which lie the ruins of an ancient amphitheater believed by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes to be the most remarkable north of Aztec Mexico, indicate clearly what Wissler meant when he pointed out some years ago:

> We are on the edge of epoch-making discoveries in the New World, especially in Mexico and other parts of the area of higher culture, for with the stratigraphic and analytic technique now available, man's antiquity here, his subsequent chronology, cannot for long remain a mystery.

Other chapters in Dr. Hewett's survey, chapters which give a history of the Pueblo Indians, of their cliff-dwelling ancestors, of their present settlements and governments, their religious rituals, their arts and crafts, made explicit by the use of many maps and illustrations, are based on materials obtained from older authorities in the field only, and neglect the invaluable materials to be found in more recent publications on various phases of this culture. Dr. Hewett attacks none of the problems with which anthropologists among the Pueblos are concerned. Since, however, the Pueblos are one of the most interesting groups of American Indians; since their setting is peculiarly colorful and their religious rituals unusually dramatic, his book will

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serve tourists as a necessary and well written introduction to the Southwest.

Living in the same region is a semi-nomadic tribe of large numbers, the Navajo, and it is with these Indians that Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge are concerned. These authors, even though they are somewhat naïve in their reliance upon the words of their Indian interpreter, are nevertheless very familiar with the field of which they write: they know the Navajo well and have lived among the Indians for many years. Therefore, despite their lack of scientific training, they have been able to obtain for their book a number of new versions of myths and songs, new descriptions of rites, excellent and graphic accounts of the Navajo weaving and silver work, concrete and detailed descriptions of the manners and customs of the tribe. They include, moreover, some excellent and important chapters giving complete resumés of the various developments in the policy of the American government toward the Indian, and of their results.

Altogether their book is fresh, vital, and essentially right in its details; a good piece of research, an admirable survey of findings made personally and checked carefully, in most cases, against the findings of all the other known authorities. This type of synthetic discussion of a culture is altogether worth reading when it comes from authors who have had the patience and good will to verify through reading whatever facts they could not be certain of themselves.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Roy Campbell's Poetry

The Flaming Terrapin, by Roy Campbell. New York: The Dial Press. 83 pages. $2.

Adamastor, by Roy Campbell. New York: The Dial Press. 106 pages. $2.50.

IT IS just seven years since the appearance of "The Flaming Terrapin" introduced to the American public the interesting talent of Mr. Roy Campbell. The poem was reviewed extensively and, I believe, with something more than respect: I have revived it here to make the usual comparisons between the early and the more mature work of a poet. Moreover, Mr. Campbell's gifts offer more than the usual rewards of such comparisons. "Adamastor" is a distinguished book: it is not, I believe, receiving the attention it deserves. "The Flaming Terrapin" was merely interesting; it caused a sensation. It was facile, brilliant and hollow, owing to the failure of the poet to bring more than a pictorial rhetoric to bear upon a subject that required a little philosophical subtlety. It was, for these times, a very long poem. The new poems are short, well written and formally complete. They do not sprawl, as the early work sprawls on every page. The two volumes represent, so far as I have been able to find out, all of Mr. Campbell's published work except a long piece printed a few years ago in the French journal Commerce, which I have not seen.

"The Flaming Terrapin" is a single poem in six parts covering some eighty pages: I read it seven years ago, but I find it impossible to read it a second time to the end. The subject is a myth, possibly of African origin, which explains the world as controlled by a great terrapin, who is God, or the metaphysical ground of the universe. (The poet often makes it the latter, and thus *civilizes* his subject out of existence: this tends to make the work thin.) There are brilliant passages, and yet the grasp of the subject is almost entirely pictorial. A harder, more intellectual approach would have arranged the theme in its high and low points, and spaced out the emphases: there are, in Mr. Campbell's early style, no climaxes, but simply a constant opportunity for the highest flights of rhetoric. Now, far from being "modern," this defect is characteristic of the worst eighteenth-century poets; Mr. Campbell is more often nearer to Blackmore and Ambrose Phillips than to Rimbaud, to whose work for some reason "The Flaming Terrapin" has been compared. Phillips might have written these lines:

> The flying fishes in their silver mail
> Rose up like stars, and pattered down like hail,
> While the blunt whale, ponderous in his glee,
> Churned his broad flukes and siphoned up the sea,
> And through it as the creamy circles spread,
> Heaved the superb Olympus of his head.

This is Mr. Campbell's typical style:

> Sometimes the lord of nature in the air
> Spread forth his clouds and sable canvas, where
> His pencil, dipt in heavenly colors bright,
> Paints the fair rainbow, charming to the sight.

The lines are by Blackmore. Here is Ambrose Phillips:

> His nerves and muscles, like a wondrous lyre,
> Vibrated to that sound; and through his brain
> Proud thoughts came surging in a gorgeous train.

Mr. Campbell, not Phillips, wrote the lines, and against them there is the stock objection that the image is so elaborated beyond the inherent demands of the idea that it is ludicrous, and then very tiresome. There is unfortunately enough of this fault in the poem to hide its merits. Here is a beautiful passage spoiled by a nonsensical excess of image in the second line:

> When star by star, above the vaulted hill,
> The sky poured out its hoarded bins of gold,
> Night stooped upon the mountain tops, and still
> Those low concussions from the forest rolled. . . .

The third and fourth lines are among the most brilliant in contemporary verse, but we barely recover from the second line in time to appreciate them.

The poetry in "Adamastor" is much better. It is uneven, yet Mr. Campbell has found a way of relating his genius for imagery to a genuine center of feeling. The new poems are intelligently conceived, and the imagery is not decorative, but inherent. For the first time in Mr. Campbell's work, after the talk about it is over, there is a similarity to Rimbaud—not in any specific sense, but generally in the sense that his logic of imagery does not rest on a rational theme or argument, but rather on an emotion below (or above) reason which he succeeds in presenting with remarkable purity. Because the duration of this kind of emotion is necessarily brief, the best poems in the book range from fifteen to forty lines; beyond that length Mr. Campbell seldom knows where he is going, but within it he has written five or six poems that are among the best of their kind in this period. "Rounding the Cape," "The Zulu Girl," "African Moonrise" and notably "The Sisters" are unsurpassed by anything like them since the War—unless by Hart Crane's "Black Tambourine," which was written about ten years ago. Mr. Campbell's new poetry is extremely well written; it is versatile and charming; it is often witty, even when it is not distinguished. One hopes that he will write a great deal more poetry.

ALLEN TATE.

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Modernism in Architecture

The New World Architecture, by Sheldon Cheney. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 403 pages. $10.

MR. CHENEY has attempted a discussion of the problems of contemporary architecture; but his book deals mainly with the old argument that we of the twentieth century should not build in styles borrowed from the great, or not so great, past. Such a polemic against eclecticism might well have significance for Presidents Lowell, Hibben and Angell, but as serious criticism in 1930 it is a trifle shopworn. Although the Louis XVI hotels, Greek banks and Georgian houses are still with us, they are being overshadowed by modern buildings; even the architectural magazines have "gone modern." Yet Mr. Cheney continues to fight the shades of the orthodox American architects.

We seek vainly in his book for a discussion of just what constitutes modern architectural style. He has looked at modern architecture and found it good—all of it. The cubistic piling of our skyscraper setbacks, the wild concrete waves that Mendelsohn projected in his expressionistic factory designs just after the War, both receive enthusiastic approbation. He praises Josef Hoffmann's Viennese wall tracery as highly as Le Corbusier's restrained interiors.

Quite apart from the text, however, the 389 illustrations definitely reveal a lack of method. The works of one country or of one architect are distributed at random throughout the book. The pictures are undated. Too many of them are reproductions, not of actual photographs, but of plates which have already been printed in books and magazines; as a result they are inferior and mechanically disappointing. Judged merely as a picture book, "The New World Architecture" falls short of the standard set by the second edition of Platz's "Baukunst der Neuesten Zeit."

PHILIP JOHNSON.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU AND HIS PHILOSOPHY, by Harald Höffding. *Translated by L. E. A. Saidla and W. Richards. New Haven: Yale University Press. 165 pages. $2.*

Amid so much controversy over "romantic expansion" and "Neo-Humanist repression," those who wish for a clear statement of Rousseau's actual, constructive influence upon European thought should find this short treatise most valuable. Professor Höffding of Copenhagen, known for his excellent textbook on "Modern European Philosophy," may be counted upon for clarity and organization of thought. His monograph on Rousseau, widely known in Europe, and now well rendered into English from the second revised edition, shows us that while there was great consistency in Jean Jacques' thought, his work was "symptomatic" and "seminal" rather than crystallized. In every sense Rousseau stated the problem of civilization so that others might labor to solve it. He was a pioneering genius who struck wildly into new ground; in the departments of education, political economy, psychology, ethics, theology, literature, he was always revolutionary and yet fecund. Höffding justly relates Rousseau's influence to the movements that followed him, and especially to Kant's ethics and transcendental philosophy. If the perniciousness of the unhappy Rousseau seemed unbelievable in Babbitt's arbitrary polemic, then his fruitfulness, as Höffding pictures it, seems almost unique in the history of human thought. He was a "source-man"; he opened more springs than he himself imagined; and where he stopped "a power resided in his ideas that led onward."

ROUSSEAU: The Child of Nature, by John Charpentier. *New York: The Dial Press. 303 pages. $5.*

To know Rousseau's ideas, it is important to know his life and his experiences; more so than in the case of any other thinker, since all his judgments sprang from actual contact with life. A vast quantity of new material has been recovered by the last two generations of scholarship, and much remains to be told, from the modern point of view, since John Morley. Reading this newest (and badly translated) example of the fictionized biographies which French publishers have been issuing, we wonder what has been gained by departure from the historical and documented style used by the great English biographers. M. Charpentier avails himself of only a small part of the new "Rousseauana"; and, following the flabby method of Maurois rather half-heartedly, inserts dubious ejaculations into the narrative of a man who romanticized his own life enough to suit any taste, and left us an abundance of self-revelations. Besides, the bias of M. Charpentier ought to make Fundamentalists and Humanists deliriously happy; though he only grazes Rousseau's ideas, he is content to end his study with the now commonplace, sweeping condemnations. Rousseau's, for one hundred and fifty years, "has been a work of death, not a work of life." Not only are Napoleon's devastations attributed to Jean Jacques, but so is everything up to the latest atrocities in Russia. And alas, the sweet aristocratic age of Louis XV, when the "altruism of the few" held "mob-selfishness" in check, is gone, never to return.

BELLES LETTRES

ENDING IN EARNEST, a Literary Log, by Rebecca West. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 307 pages. $2.50.*

Those remarkable and witty letters from London, in which diverse and opposite kinds of political, literary, historical and cultural information were combined with Rebecca West's peregrinations about the Continent, London and England in general, have been fortunately gathered from the files of The Bookman. If the good sense she has about Maritain and Benda, or the keen estimate she makes of Gide, or of the place political changes occupy in England, or the uncommon vigor of her sentences, were not enough to make "Ending in Earnest" a worthy collection of essays, then the letter in which she makes her farewell to a magazine burdened with the New Humanism would, in itself, be sufficient.

SOME OF US, an Essay in Epitaphs, by James Branch Cabell. *New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 131 pages. $7.50.*

With a good deal of his old wit and some of his bad literary tastes, James Branch Cabell reprints in a special edition remarks historical and prophetic, acute and irritating, about the late twenties and their chief literary figures. The estimate of Mencken and his followers, while not profound, is accurate, and a footnote toward Paul Elmer More is brief enough in its wit to be looked at. Elinor Wylie, Joseph Hergesheimer and Dreiser are perceived to have merit. What Cabell has to say about himself is perfect, save that it leaves out his admirable wit.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

MANAGEMENT PROBLEMS, with Special Reference to the Cotton-textile Industry. Edited by G. T. Schwenning. *Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 264 pages. $2.*

Addresses by manufacturers and faculty members delivered at the University of North Carolina in 1929-30. They discuss major industrial problems in the South, where depression spells red-ink balances, unemployment, wage cuts, ill considered attempts to introduce "efficiency" methods, strikes, lockouts. One manufacturer contends that the mills are not earning enough to pay wages demanded by the unions, and blames outsiders for industrial troubles in his state. Government figures are cited showing average weekly mill wages in 1928—North Carolina, $16.46; South Carolina, $14.30; Georgia, $14.59; Alabama, $13.42. These views have value, but it is regrettable that the symposium did not include an address by a spokesman for labor.

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INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS IN THE BUILDING INDUSTRY, by William Haber. *Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 593 pages. $5.*

Dr. Haber traces judicially the many complex factors in the industrial revolution as they have affected building construction, termed one of our worst conducted industries. Particularly illuminating are the chapters on the "American Plan" in San Francisco as a weapon against union job control, and on the abortive Landis Award scheme in Chicago. Dr. Haber warns against any reform agency assuming an anti-union character; he believes that stabilization will come only through the whole-hearted coöperation of all organized groups in the industry.

KING COTTON IS SICK, by Claudius T. Murchison. *Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 187 pages. $2.*

Depression has afflicted the cotton-textile industry since 1923. Despite a growing market and continued technical progress, it fails to make adequate returns either to capital or labor. Reform, as Mr. Murchison sees it, calls for placing all production and sales processes under one control, to eliminate appalling competitive waste motion. This would reduce drastically a multitude of patterns and designs in cotton garments, piece goods and draperies. The book, on the whole, is an incisive analysis.

Fiction

DUMB-ANIMAL, by Osbert Sitwell. *Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.*

In elaborate prose that displays an extraordinary knowledge of Victorian and other furniture, Eastern and European countries and the British temperament, Osbert Sitwell constructs six equally elaborate fantasies—of which the best, "Dumb-Animal," is the shortest and most straightforward. "Alive, Alive, Oh," the story of the poet who had to simulate death to remain popular, is amusing for all its exposed machinery; it is even hilarious when Mr. Sitwell digs contemporary ribs. The most consistent of his fancies deals with the dramatic expansion of a germ via the beautiful body of a lady; and though the account is lengthy, it is well pointed. "Echoes" could have been at least a good sketch if the ornate framework did not obscure the picture.

THE INDISCREET YEARS, by Larry Barretto. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.*

"Can a woman live down her past?" asks Mr. Barretto, and then gives his heroine a perfectly colossal past to prove that anything is possible in this best of all possible worlds. Eventually Helena Fane, a young American woman of breeding who found a lover waiting for her in every European port, lived them all down by marrying a dull old gentleman on Long Island. The Parisian episode, in which she becomes a cocotte in name only, is as grotesque as anything in dime-novel fiction; the Florentine section, wherein an Italian youth shoots himself for love, is pleasant, romantic nonsense. Somewhere between these extremes lies the rest of the book.

THE LION TOOK FRIGHT, by Louis Marlow. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.*

Mr. Marlow has a lively talent for satire, and also for refusing to see people except in the worst possible light. To Hercules Brangdon, his stuffed shirt of a hero, who, as soon as it becomes too real for comfort, shies off from the innocent passion he has for reasons of vanity encouraged in the mind of an experienced girl, the author does not grant a single instant of genuine emotion or behavior; and no great harm is done, unless t the probabilities, when the girl ultimately pushes him off a cliff and thereby brings the book to an end. "The Lion Took Fright" makes superficial, but passably entertaining, reading.

THE NAME OF ACTION, by Graham Greene. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

This is an uncommonly well written book. A young Englishman goes to Trier in the Palatinate to give financial assistance to a movement to overthrow the local Mussolini; he falls head over heels in love with this Mussolini's wife, and eventually sees his political ends accomplished not by means of the armed revolt he had planned, but by a general dissemination of the news that he has made the Dictator a cuckold and a laughing stock throughout the town. The Dictator is wounded and forced into exile, and the young Englishman goes with him across the border, leaving the wife to ingratiate herself as best she can with her husband's republican successor. Mr. Greene lifts his story, slight in itself, up by its bootstraps and invests it with a beautiful lucidity and objectivity. For a young man of twenty-four with another good novel, "The Man Within," to his credit, the book is an exceptional and heartening achievement.

THIS OUR EXILE, by David Burnham. *New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

A first novel, with its sins and virtues in nice equipoise. Mr. Burnham has a clear eye for detail, but he risks the dullness of inclusive statement; he has a sense of character, yet one has a feeling of having met all his people once too often in the novels of Scott Fitzgerald and Aldous Huxley; he depicts life in Princeton, in the metropolitan night club, in fashionable suburbia, with a respect for the document which leaves one sorry that the writer was unable to do anything about it. In the end, one feels that neither the author nor the reader has been able to squeeze enough out of the experience to make up for the tedium of having to live with such a dull and dreadful—read "smart and sophisticated"—crew. If "This Our Exile" shows life in America at the end of the nineteen-twenties, one would willingly swallow anything, aspirin, Humanism, Communism, tomato juice, a draught of fresh air, which would relieve the dull ache behind the ears.

Contributors

JOHN DEWEY, who needs no introduction to our readers, is the author of many books, the latest of which, "Individualism, Old and New," is based on a series of articles published last year in The New Republic.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY has completed a new book of sonnets, "Fatal Interview," which will be published this spring by Harper's. The four sonnets printed in this issue of The New Republic will be included.

ROBERT L. CRUDEN is an automobile worker. He has written on labor subjects for The New Masses.

LEWIS MUMFORD, a critic who deals with the whole field of American culture, is the author of "Sticks and Stones," "The Golden Day" and "Herman Melville."

PEGGY BAIRD'S career as a newspaper woman was cut short by the first of the great metropolitan mergers—that of The New York Press with the Munsey interests.

MORRIS R. COHEN, professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, has completed a book, "Reason and Nature: An Essay on the meaning of Scientific Method," which will be published this month. His contribution to this week's New Republic is a chapter of this volume.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, the author of "Enemy Property in America," "Don't Tread on Me" and "Let Freedom Ring," is one of the distinguished lawyers who have helped in the defense of civil liberties in America.

WILLIAM B. SEABROOK'S latest book is "Jungle Ways," a discussion of African sorcery, cannibalism and sex customs. It will be published in April by Harcourt, Brace.

EDA LOU WALTON contributes critical articles to a number of periodicals. Her primary interest is in poetry, but she has lately been making a study of Indian civilization in the Southwest.

ALLEN TATE, poet, biographer and essayist, is one of those Southerners who have resisted the tendency of writers to cluster in the metropolis. On his Tennessee plantation, he is finishing a new biography.

PHILIP JOHNSON, after spending two years abroad studying contemporary trends in architecture, is now living in New York City, where he is collaborating with Henry-Russell Hitchcock on a discussion of architectural problems which is shortly to be published in Germany.

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